

Woronhi

Volume 48 number 2 • Thursday, 24 March 1996



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Australian National University Union

Notice of Submissions

Nestlé Ban

The ban on the sale of Nestlé in the Union has now been in place for two years.

On Wednesday, April 17 the ANU Union Board will be debating this issue.


I invite a continuation of submissions, both for and against, on the matter.

Please send your submission to
ANU Union, ANU 2000

or drop them into the Chair's office
(1st Floor, Union Building) by 5.00pm
on *Tuesday April 9.*

Michael Zorbas
Chair, ANU Union Board

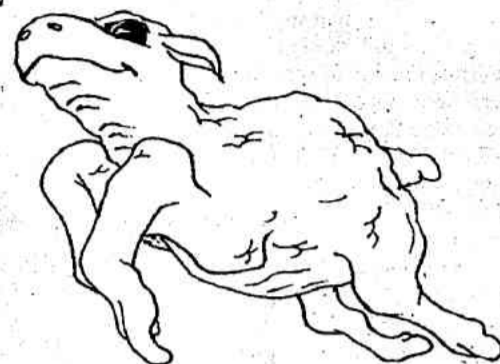


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volume 48 • no 2 • march 1996



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and fashion advice.

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to us by email at
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in woroni are not
necessarily those of the
editors, students'
association or even the
contributors.

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Sinful Sausages ride roughshod over democracy

Dear Ed,
Most amused to read the letter in the last Woroni by that funny critter Daniel Jenkins.
This poor little man squawks at the "outrageous" "miserable" "monstrous" and "dirty" effort by Liberal Students to give away sausages and beer during the Students' Association elections. Brimming with his second-rate cliches, Mr Jenkins claims that these sinful sausages rode "roughshod over democracy".

In the political history books the misuse of sausages is nothing next to political bashing (ask Peter Baldwin) or the abduction of ballot boxes (ask Laurie Brereton).
And wasn't the Labor Party the odd one out when the chance came to vote for "Truth In Advertising Laws" in the federal parliament. More recently the beer-bellied boof-headed bully boys outside the Legislative Assembly have continued this good tradition by urinating regularly on the Chief Minis-

ter's car.
But according to Mr Jenkins, the devious use of sausages is inestimably more heinous. Poor boy should grow up. To paraphrase his "mate" Mr Barr: stick a woolly sausage up ya.

Daniel Clode

Political wankery thrives at the ANU

Dear Editor
I enjoyed the O Week issue of Woroni, but O! what an interesting crop of ideologues you managed to dredge up to welcome our new students.

Jason Cebalo appears to be of the opinion that when somebody is rogering the country as hard and as fast as it likes, it is always better to give than to receive. Jason also reckons that the views of people that don't vote for either 'major' party are irrelevant.

Well, hello there, Mister Reality. Wake up and get your hands above the sheets. Speaking of which, did you enjoy the election result? How did it feel to find out that you

'wasted' your vote?
And what a splendid thing it was to hear that various cultural influences have led to Victoria Tower being "shocked out of (her) early conservatism" (p31). Congratulations, Victoria! I'm sure your radical viewpoint invigorates the deep political debate of the ANU Liberal Club's Porn & Prawn Nites. You will be an asset to the new Federal government.

However, I feel that the crowning glory for the Liberals was Nick Tolley in the Soapbox (p26), exhorting us to vote on March 2 "with stubbie in one hand and ballot in the other".

Nick, for your magnificent espousal of what you see as Australian culcha and virtue, I feel that it is only appropriate to answer you in the Australian vernacular: "bugger off you sad bastard". You obviously learned everything there is to know about conservative politics while giving a bit of the old good-O to the sheep in Dad's back paddock.

Michael Barry

Sex article arouses Hugh Jorgan

Dear Editor
I was happy to see that the renowned Michael Flood rated a mention in the last issue of Woroni (pages 13-14, article "Men Love Sex"). Oh, the joy of reading MF's sexuality articles all those years ago—although I have to confess that I still have great difficulty touching hairbrushes, deodorant cans or shampoo bottles.
Come back, Michael, all is forgiven! Let's have some real controversy! At least you warned us you were going to write about masturbation — YOUR wankery didn't pose as politics.

Hugh Jorgan

PS is there any chance of getting reprints of some classic Woroni articles for us Golden Oldies? — MF's !OUT! would be a great place to start. Even better, get MF to write a new article every now and then.

Labor, you're a joke!

Dear Labor Students,
As someone who remembers only too well the pain of the Coalition's electoral defeat in 1993, and the subsequent torture you all put me through for months after, I just have this to say:

Labor is a joke!
You treated the Australian people with contempt and you got what you deserved.

So have some balls guys, show your faces on campus and give me a chance to remind you of the thrashing you copped face to face.

Victoria Tower
ANU Liberal Club

Feeling pissed off, angst-ridden, self-righteous or just verbose? Write a letter. All letters received before the deadline of Thursday 5pm prior to publication will be published. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. Letters will be printed in full, subject to spellcheck. Deliver to Woroni, c/- ANU Students' Association by hand or clenched elbow, or e-mail it to us at woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au.

Middle Australia rejects Labor's 'delinquency and malice'

Dear Woroni,
I had the dubious honour of watching the election debate that occurred in the Uni Bar on the Wednesday of O-Week and it was there that I was witness to shocking example of Labor's disregard for our nation and its people. One young Laborite, puffed up with a power untempered by duty or honour, chose to abuse both the Liberal Party and the Liberal Club for being the representatives of mere "green grocers" and "shopkeepers". One hopes that on the evening of March 2 that young man came to realise the folly and sheer immorality of his arrogance and derision of the good people of Middle Australia.

I too am guilty of having harboured similar beliefs to those

of this young man. I too was cynical about the state of the nation. I believed that the worst of the recession had passed, that there could be little to complain about in the Australia of 1996. I once saw politics as simply gamesmanship. But the experience of campaigning in Queanbeyan combined with the events of the past six weeks to alter my opinions dramatically. I was stunned by the tales told by voters as they entered the polling booth to cast their votes. Today's Prime-Minister once chastised his predecessor for giving the nation only five minutes of economic sunshine. Well these men and women would gladly have settled for even less. You could pick them right away. They'd arrive in their utes or their station wagons, on their way home from work, the tools of their trade plainly evident.

Carpenter, accountant, electrician and shop-keeper. As they entered the gates they would be approached by the representatives of the ALP (including, it must be said, the aforementioned young man) whom they would wave away. "Sorry mate, not this time." They'd take a Liberal How-to-vote and proceed on into the station. If they stopped they'd talk of their troubles and those of their friends and neighbours. Proud men and women recounted the businesses and family nest-eggs lost. One bloke recalled that not five years before his firm had employed twenty young men. In the January of this year he had been forced to lay off his final employee. Even then his troubles had not ended, for the union had demanded back-pay of \$7 000 be paid to his final

employee. He didn't have the money and was afraid he'd have to sell his house.

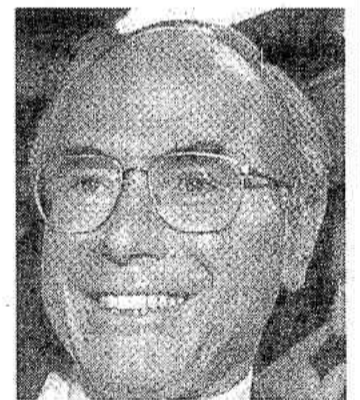
If even today, after the electoral hurricane that swept the nation on March 2, the Laborites amongst us cannot acknowledge the delinquency and malice of the Keating government then they should go to only one place—the dust heap of history.

Those who voted Liberal-National at the federal election realised that while no government (least of all any Commonwealth government) could solely deliver them from misfortune, only a government dedicated to better representing the values of Middle Australia, and to national development, could aid them in their hour of need.

God Bless the People, the

Federation and Her Majesty. Let us all join in the task of bringing unity and prosperity back to our great nation.

Chris Taylor
ANU Liberal Club



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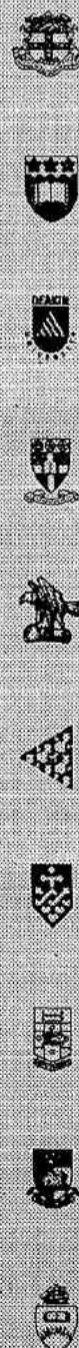
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In Brief...

Garrett Speaks

Environmental activist and musician Mr Peter Garrett was on campus during O-Week to give the inaugural O-Week Graduate Lecture.

Mr Garrett's speech encompassed such diverse areas as the value of aboriginal tribal knowledge, sacrifice and alternative methods of measuring progress.

Mr Garrett also stressed the value of silence, although he acknowledged the contradiction between this view and his role as a lobbyist.

He then challenged students to look to the future with a radical, ideological perspective.

The past law student and ex Burgmann resident said he had pleasant memories of his undergraduate days at the ANU, although many were spent surfing.



Peter Garrett (above) shares his thoughts on the value of being quiet

Board of The Faculties – Student Agenda

Undergraduate representatives on the Board of the Faculties will be pursuing supplementary exams, a universal appeals process, a reduction in the intensity of exams, and keeping an eye on the faculties in case they bring in any new fee-paying courses.

The undergraduate representatives on this important decision making body are requesting submissions regarding supplementary exams.

The Board meets monthly.

Women's Department Underfunded

Due to funding constraints, the Women's Department cannot afford to pay its two officers any wages.

As Jessica Warner explained, funding is so minimal that if she and her partner Siobhan McDonnell claimed the money they're entitled to, not only would the funds be completely used up, the officers would still be short-changed.

So, where is the money going?

"We print the Women's Handbook at the beginning of the year. That handbook is a must... and that's basically half the money gone", says Jessica, who sees the other half as funding "activities throughout the rest of the year. In other universities, Womens Departments get a lot more money – four to ten times as much

ANU Strikes Again

By Caroline Knight

Nearly all classes at the ANU are cancelled this week due to a ban on formal student contact which is being applied by members of the National Tertiary Education Industry Union.

The teaching ban was passed at a meeting of union members on February 8th. At a stop work meeting held on March 14th the ban was reconfirmed.

The teaching ban, enforced from March 19th to the 22nd, is part of an ongoing campaign by the NTEU to increase the incomes of academics and general tertiary staff.

The union is currently fighting for an 8 percent wage rise to supplement the 1.3 percent it received from the ANU in 1995.

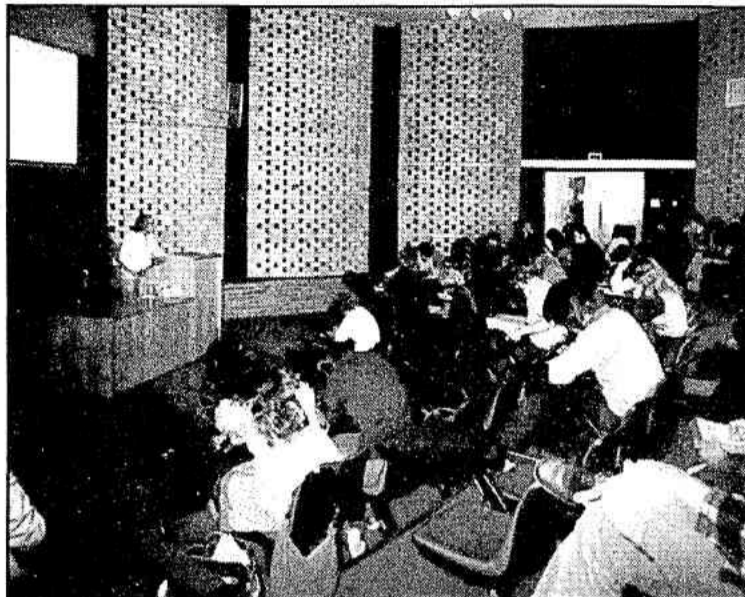
The union decided to cancel formal student contact in reaction to the Labour governments proposed offer of a 5.6 percent pay rise which would take the form of a loan to universities. This loan was to be paid back with interest over six years, with the first repayment due in three years.

Mr Davidson claims "This will result in postgraduate fees, cuts to services and increases in fees for foreign students. Another result will be a drain on university employees with staff seeking employment elsewhere."

The March 14th meeting reconsidered the decision to ban formal student contact following the election of a new, Coalition government. Before the meeting Mr Davidson claimed "we will decide whether we should wait and see, or take pre-emptive action."

During the March 14 meeting the NTEU national assistant secretary, Kerry Lewis, announced that at a meeting of the unions industrial matters committee earlier in the week there had been a total reaffirmation of commitment to the existing pay claim, but an adjustment to the timetable "...so that the Union has the chance to win the campaign on its own merits."

Correspondences would be sent to Senator Amanda Vanstone, Minister for Education, but Ms Lewis claims, "We do believe ... that a protracted



Many lectures are cancelled this week – staff are divided on how much this hurts.

industrial campaign is the most likely outcome."

There was a mixed reaction from ANU union members to the adjusted timeframe.

Several Union members were vocal in their support of the bans going ahead. Dr Craig McGarty from the Psychology department was reluctant to delay the bans, "You don't make a concession in industrial action until the other side gives you a concession."

Dr McGarty also drew attention to the suffering of students but claimed, "In Industrial action you have to hurt someone. Stopping research is only going to hurt us. Stopping administration is only going to hurt us."

Several union members were vocal in their rejection of this approach.

Phillipa Weeks from the law faculty argued that "a week long teaching ban is excessive. What are we then going to do when Senator Amanda Vanstone says - No?"

Judith Papien from the universities planning unit supported Ms Weeks in this claim "I hope we will not become a leader in strategic stupidity."

When asked about the impact of the teaching ban on students, Peter Davidson claimed "No one likes taking industrial action. It is something that union members reluctantly do, especially when there is a third party such as students involved."

Others, including Phillipa Weeks questioned whether inconveniencing students would help the union's cause at all. "I still haven't heard how it is that affecting students helps us. Sure it will affect them, but how will it help us?"

The general attitude of students to the ban is quite negative, with one student maintaining, "It's just not fair. Once again it's the students who lose out."

Although the pay rise campaign is not exclusive to the ANU it is the only university nationally taking part in the week three teaching bans. The final decision to go ahead was based on a poll in which 99 people voted for the bans to go ahead and 72 people voted against the ban. Approximately 20 percent of ANU union members were present at the meeting.

Further industrial action is scheduled for later in the year.

Tapes Erased

By Jane Stratton

The ANU Law Students' Society and the Law Faculty are set to lock horns over a new application of the Faculty's taping policy.

The Faculty's policy on taping lectures means it is up to each individual as to whether a lecture is taped or not, however, currently most lecturers of compulsory units in particular, are not doing so.

The variety of group times is sufficient, according to the Faculty, to ensure all students attend. John McMillan, the Sub-Dean (Students), insisted that the degree at ANU was uncompromisingly attendance based as opposed to distance based degrees at other universities such as Macquarie University.

He said that the tapes were intended as an exception rather than a norm, but that the tapes had now become the norm of lecture experience to the extent that according to the Faculty, only an estimated 40% of students attend lectures.

The Law Students' Society contested the causal connection (in true legal style) between the taping of lectures and non-attendance at the lecture.

They propose to present the Faculty with a petition demanding that lectures be taped, and the results of a broad survey of Law students to show that the tapes serve a genuine need of working and sick students, those with timetable clashes and those with family commitments.

Meanwhile the Faculty is making no apologies for the demands of the course, nor similarly for their demands for student attendance, and advise that students structure their commitments accordingly.

According to McMillan the integrity of the degree depends upon it.

Appropriate measures are in place for disabled students in line with university policy, however those finding themselves sick, or needing to work long hours will get no sympathy from the Law School.



Women's Officers Siobhan McDonnell (right) and Jessica Warner (left).

as we do."

She is, however, philosophical about getting nothing in return for her work, saying with a shrug "... most other departments have been cut as well." It seems, though, that whilst ANU women can indeed have their cake and eat it too, the wrong people are paying for that privilege.

You Are Sentenced To Attend

I hardly need to tell you that the recent decision by the Faculty of Law to stop taping lectures is a complete travesty.

It's not fair on people who are sick and can't attend.

It's not fair on part-timers who have work commitments and can't make it.

And it's certainly not fair on those students who have better things to do with their time than sit in stuffy lecture theatres. Things like sleeping in, frolicking with the ducks or rolling naked in the grass with loved ones by the shores of Sullivan's Creek.

A number of my nocturnal gothic friends will be particularly disadvantaged. Withered by direct sunlight, they can never attend lectures dur-



Comment

by Gary Rasmussen

ing the day. Is that fair?

When students are being asked to pay more and more to earn undergraduate degrees, it is absolutely outrageous that steps are being taken to make those degrees harder and harder to get.

One of the reasons advanced for the change in policy will no doubt be that students learn better when they attend lectures.

What bollocks.

Students should have the right to choose the study methods which suit them the best. Attending lectures works well for some. For others, lis-

tening to lecture tapes is far superior.

Not only can they stop the tape to review something they've missed or catch up on some essential reading, the fast forward button also comes in handy to skip over the inevitable tangential questions which distract and delay the entire class.

And without lecture tapes, a vibrant law library subculture is destined to vanish – the people who shuffle around looking for a spare set of headphones and nodding in silent appreciation at each other as they churn through a semester's worth of lectures in a weekend.

No doubt those angry young law students will rally together in outrage, sending numerous faxes in protest.

Infant Deaths Not The Only Issue

By Rachael Antony

The ban on Nestle products at the ANU was instituted as part of an international boycott on the products of Nestle and Nestle owned companies (Rowntree, Allens, Mastercraft).

The ban is a protest against Nestle's marketing programs which promote the use of milk formula over breast milk in third world countries. Milk formula is distributed free in maternity hospitals.

When mothers leave the hospitals they must pay for the milk few of them can afford (formula can cost 50% of a family's income). Consequently many children end up suffering from malnutrition as a result of watered down milk. Children can also develop diarrhoea from milk made with contaminated water.

The Union ban was first put in place in 1993. The board decided to revoke the ban in 1994 but then reinstated the ban as a result of unprecedented student support in favour of the ban; 200 students voted in favour of the ban at the 1994 General Meeting.

The current Board wishes to overturn the ban. They claim that \$30,000 to \$60,000 (figures vary according to board members) is lost per year through the loss of Nestle sales.

Whilst board members agree that Nestle marketing strategies are unethical, they believe that their primary responsibility as Trustees of the Union is to be financially responsi-

ble. There is also a feeling that the ban is not the most effective means of dealing with the issue.

Charlotte Bell, elected Director of the Union spoke for herself and Michael Zorbas, President of the Union; "I don't agree [with what Nestle is doing] but I don't think the ban is the best way of dealing with it, I think there are more appropri-

, which would absolve Trustees from personal responsibility for bankruptcy, is currently under investigation.

Mr Greinke believes a campaign publicising the issues would be more effective than a ban. "The question we have to ask ourselves is not only are we doing the right thing, but are we doing the right thing in an effective way - how effective is the ban when Nestle continues to be sold (through private tenants) on university grounds?"

Kristy Ruddock, and fellow pro-ban campaigners Hannah Rechter and Andrew Kiss all believe that there are good reasons for the ban to be kept in place. They question the loss figures provided by the Union, and suggest that the Union be corporatised to free Union Trustees from personal liability.

Ms Rechter says, "Individuals can make a difference [through consumer choice], but it is more effective if institutions - representing large numbers of people take a stand...Businesses should not be run in a social and ethical void."

Ms Rechter argues that the sale of Nestle at the union is unjustifiable on ethical grounds and that there are ways to make the Union financially solvent without compromising the values of its shareholders.

Submissions about the Nestle Ban

will be received at Michael Zorbas' office in the Union up until the 7th of April. The ban will be debated at the General meeting to be held on the 17th of April.

Another Election

By William Mackerras

The first term general meeting of the Students Association, on March 14, incorporated the election of the chairs and members of the Welfare, Education and Clubs and Societies committees along with a Finance Committee representative and Environment officer.

Nominations for these positions were called at the commencement of the meeting and closed fifteen minutes later.

However, a motion from the floor enabled nominations to be reopened in the interests of a number of individuals who had not nominated in the required time.

This caused a considerable delay.

Consequently the meeting was closed at two o'clock (as a lecture was scheduled for MCC2) after the election of only some of the positions, leaving the remaining positions in limbo until the next general meeting on the 28th of March.



Children suffer as a result of Nestle's marketing programs according to organisations like UNESCO.

ate ways... I am also bound by my director's duty [to be financially responsible] and I also believe in consumer choice not autocratic action."

Andrew Greinke, a trustee of the Union, also explains that Board directors are concerned about financial losses because as trustees board members "... are liable, regardless of fault, for financial losses."

Cuts to the GSF also mean that the Union is running on a tighter budget than in the past. The possibility of corporatising the Union,

Popular Course Now History

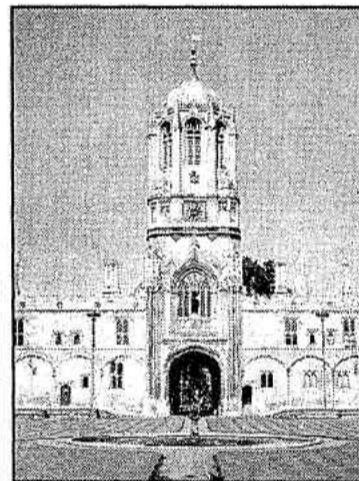
By Lyn Kemmis

The saga created by the 1995 Faculties budget deficit continues with the ill-fated U.S. History course being cancelled, reinstated, and ... cancelled again. The initial problem with running the unit was a budgetary decision in response to the deficit which froze (amongst other things), all renewable contracts of ANU staff.

Dr Bowen, the lecturer for U.S. History, had a contract which had expired just at this time; thus, he was left without a secure place on the staff.

As it turned out, a later decision by the Deans to 'unfreeze' certain positions if funds could be found made the unit once again possible, and Dr Bowen was hired on contract until June. However, in the interim, he has (not surprisingly) been looking for another job, and when he was offered a position elsewhere, he chose to accept it on the basis that the employment was more secure than his former ANU position.

On The Way To Oxford



A move to Oxford may change your view entirely.

This week marks the beginning of closer links between ANU and the prestigious Oxford University.

An agreement will be signed by ANU's Vice Chancellor Professor Deane Terrell at Oxford on Wed 20 March, according to a press release from the Public Affairs Division. The agreement will facilitate student and staff exchanges as well as research collaborations.

The Vice Chancellor will also travel to Stockholm in Sweden for the opening of a new International Education Office. The purpose of the office will be to promote the creation of exchange programs with Scandinavian countries.

Last year two new agreements were signed taking the total number of exchange programs on offer at the ANU to 77. The agreements established links with Stockholm University and the University of Texas at Austin.

Limited places are available in those programs for students wishing to travel overseas in 1996. Departure is in second semester. Interviews can be arranged by contacting Matthew Durie at the International Education Office, Chancellery Annex, this week.

SPORT

Basketballers Score

By Alipasha Razzaghipour

For years now basketballers have been crying out for more facilities. The growth of other sports has seen court time allocated to basketball reduced substantially.

It seems the university may be responding to these demands.

Basketballers are doing it tough at the moment. The only 2 courts on campus are shared with volleyball, badminton, indoor soccer, netball, indoor hockey, the climbing walls and martial arts.

Keeping in mind training time demanded by the colleges and a total shutdown during the exam period, booking becomes a must. At a cost of \$15 per hour and highly restricted court times, the barriers to playing are high.

The Sports Union, having become aware of the high demand for the courts, is preparing a proposal for 2 new courts to be built. These are to replace the vacant sand tennis courts opposite south oval. Catering for both basketball and netball, they are to have coin operated lights.

The plan has been met with enthusiasm from basketball players on campus.

Work is not scheduled to begin until 1997.



The Town v Gown cricket match was held on Sunday the 10th of March - 14 people were chasing balls, many more were chasing drinks and food.

The annual Town v. Gown cricket match was held on Sunday the 10th of March as part of the Canberra Festival. The match is a competition between teams selected by the Vice-Chancellor, Deane Terrell, and the Chief Minister of the ACT, Kate Carnell. The participants are all local 1st Grade players.

The day of cricket included both women's and men's matches. The Chief Minister's team won the women's match but was beaten by the Vice-Chancellor's team in a close match in the men's competition.

Mrs Carnell made her enthusiasm for cricket clear, saying, "It takes me back to my childhood."

The Chief Minister also hinted at a possible scandal surrounding the match, complaining, "Deane Terrell attempted to put all the good players on his team."

Rugby Award For Andrew

During the lunch break of the Town v Gown cricket match the Meningans Scholarship was awarded to Andrew McFadden. The scholarship is awarded to a rugby league player who is contracted with the Canberra Raiders and is also undertaking study at ANU.

This year's recipient, Andrew McFadden, is a first year BEng student who plays U19's for the Raiders.

Andrew said that his first week at uni "wasn't too bad" and commented that the best thing about uni was "The social life...although I can't get caught up in that"

Andrew was unsure that the secret of his rugby success was his break-

fast which consists of "two pieces of vegemite toast." Instead, he thought it might have something to do with the twelve hours of weights, running and skills training he does each week.

The Meningans Scholarship is a relatively recent scholarship which incorporates a certain amount of financial assistance to help upcoming athletes balance training and academics.

Sports Clubs are invited to drop a line to Woroni and let us know what you are up to. Any photos or news concerning sport will be gratefully accepted subject to the usual constraints of space and topicality.



HARD DAY'S NIGHT

**By Nigel
Snoad**

WARNING: Radically changing your sleep patterns can fuck up your life. Be prepared to kiss goodbye all your friends, lovers, your rationality and colour co-ordination when getting dressed in the morning. The comedown from a hard trip is nothing compared to what messing with your sleep cycle can do. That said, if you're a last minute merchant, or simply need more time to party, then there are ways of making do with less.

Yes, those fatal days are here again. You find yourself looking down at the blurring pages of a textbook late at night fighting to finish another page of revision before tomorrow's exam. Fear is welling up inside you. It seems impossible to stay awake, impossible to cram in enough study to get through the three hours of lecturer devised torture, and impossible to be coherent on only one hours sleep.

Students have been cramming for exams since time immemorial. Only the fear of yet another HECS debt pushes some people through in a Star Trek-like attempt to pass some unit they really didn't want to do.

Coffee drinking comp-sci students live in the computer labs, the upstairs cubicles of Chifley library contain the drooling dozing bodies of History students, their essays pressed to the desk by slumped heads, No-Doze packets still clasped in hand.

No doubt about it, for some of us one secret of success at university is finding a surefire method of surviving without sleep while hammering out all the last minute things you should have begun half way through the semester.

If you're one of those who manages to get themselves organised, study consistently through the semester, get your eight hours every night and cruise on through, then I hate you, and you won't be interested in any of this. Go away and curl up with your PC goliwog substitute and leave us to persue the boundaries of human knowledge and endurance.

Of Flannel and Teddy Bears

Be it a blissful slumber, sweaty nightmare, insomniacal lie-down, warm Sunday afternoon doze, drunken oblivion or elbow in the ribs ("Move over and give me the doona back!"), sleep is the most consistently ever-present thing in our lives. It beats eating hands down, occurs more often than death, and just squeaks in ahead of exams and the university guarantee of shitty lecturers.

So, why do we bother sleeping? All animals sleep, even plants (if you think with the right twist) do an equivalent to curling up and catching some zees while the metabolic pathways get cleaned out. Fundamentally that's what it's all about.

Sleep would appear to be the body's way of recovering from the exertion of the day — mental and physical. The conscious mind fades away and the subconscious kicks in, reviewing, planning and digesting the symbols and images that make for our daily lives. Be it a chance for our brains to recover or

simply do nothing, getting rid of sleep entirely will kill you. But there are ways to cut down on the ever-present addiction.

Studies have shown that most people can reduce the amount of sleep by 2 or more hours without any harmful side-effects whatsoever (after adjusting that is). There are some essential elements to sleep, though, so first a brief roundup of how we sleep.

You are getting sleepy....

After shutting our eyes and relaxing we settle first into a deep sleep called stage 4 or slow wave sleep. Then we move up and down through levels 1-4 throughout the night, but spending a lot of time in 4. This state alternates, on a 90min cycle with REM sleep, the Rapid Eye Movement that is almost waking and certainly contains our dreaming. This REM sleep (which makes up about 20% of our total sleep time) is the stuff that you can't do without. Disrupting it continuously can kill you, but only after you've passed through stages of reduced learning ability, memory loss and hallucinations and other pleasant sensations.

Note: Interestingly enough almost all men sustain erections throughout REM sleep. It's completely involuntary and it doesn't matter what they're dreaming of. It's been the cause of some embarrassment for one particular Life Drawing model I talked to who fell asleep while posing.

The timing of our sleep is important as well. Humans have adapted to the day-night cycle, with our body clocks being reset by exposure to the sun (or at least light). Hence jet-lag and the extreme selection criteria for those foolish enough to attempt to stay sane through dark Antarctic winters.

The US military has conducted a number of experiments looking at the performance of sleep deprived combat teams (joy oh joy). Those on 3 hours sleep managed to be fully effective (as what?) for 9 days or so, those on 1.5 for 6 days and those on no sleep at all gave up the ghost after 4-5 days, and were completely ineffective after 3.5 days without sleep! The supportive, caring, sharing military environment apparently helped.

Getting Zees

OK, given that you need your REM sleep, how can you get it?

Paul Keating was rumoured to survive on 4 hours a night (look what it did to him). Leonardo da Vinci was perhaps the most famous non-sleeper. He is reputed to have survived on 15 minute naps every 4 hours, day and night. Be warned, though. A U.S.

sleep researcher tried to emulate this and, after losing all his friends and becoming embroiled in a messy divorce, decided that it was not the route of choice for the merely human. Thomas Edison apparently believed that people slept merely because there was nothing to do while it was dark. Deciding that this was a waste of time he invented the electric light bulb.

So, does surrendering to those irresistible urges to put your head on your notes and doze off for a while in the fuggy warmth of Chifley Library study cubicles actually help?

Naps, it has been shown, are almost completely stage 4 sleep — with no REM. Thus they're good for a rest, but don't address the fundamental requirements of sleep.

By careful training, however, you can reduce the time it takes to move into REM cycles. You can get in a couple of the essential dream-states in 3-4 hours at the prime sleeping time of 3am or so, making up the rest in naps through the day, up to a total of 5-6 hours. The adjustment period is supposed to be tough, and just because you can function fully doesn't mean that you still have friends or don't feel tired all the time. Such adjustments are for the truly dedicated.

So how can you do it?

Although you can convince your body to sleep for only four hours or so, it can be oh so tempting to go back to sleep for that little bit longer. Mental toughness, or at least fear, is needed. Doing it is self-hypnosis of sorts. You lie in bed half asleep and visualise how wonderful you're going to feel when you wake up in 4 hours time — vibrant, not tired, refreshed and ready to begin work again. In other words tell your body and mind that it's going to feel exactly as if you'd had 8 hours perfect sleep. Somehow, sometimes, your body manages to believe itself.

Visions of Darkness

Perhaps the most amusing thing about missing sleep is the way that your body manages to make up for not dreaming during REM sleep by doing it while you're awake. One student, John, went to have a shower to wake himself up when his third night in a row started to get to him. The wonder wasn't that he fell asleep with it pouring down on him, the wonder was that he didn't drown and that the water managed to stay hot for 3 hours while he dreamt of waterfalls and tropical islands!

Perhaps the best story of sleep induced hallucination is that of Martin:

He had stayed up all night (and most of the night before that) studying for his history exam. He had it

wired. The extra study had given him a complete overview of the course and life was going to be fine and dandy. Martin walked into the exam room, sat down, and read through the paper. He had no trouble reading the exam but when he came to actually answer the questions a strange thing happened: the letters comprising the text of the exam decided that they were scared of Martin (or so it seemed to him) and they all scurried off the page and underneath it, leaving the paper blank. Needless to say Martin was quite astonished.

He lowered his eyes to the level of the desk, picked up the corner of the paper, and cautiously looked underneath it: All the black letters moved away from the light and into the dim dark depths under the page, the capital letters using their size to great advantage. All the e's were huddling together like

sheep to protect themselves and Martin realised that e is actually one of the more intelligent members of the alphabet despite it being so common. After carefully lowering the page (and ignoring the strange looks the invigilators were giving him) he decided that since his exam paper was afraid of him, there was no way he could complete it. He carefully packed up all his things and, leaving the paper behind on the desk with the letters still huddling under it, walked out. Unfortunately his lecturer wasn't too impressed when he went to explain why he failed the exam.

So, if you're one of the (majority?) who does an allnighter every now and then, or one of the lucky few addicted to the endorphins of your late night rushes, then forget the sanctimonious minority who claim to have finished it all weeks ago, the ones who started studying before the fluff began to fall. Ignore them,

and know that you can somehow make it through, that there are others at it every night. People who can be found at Dolly's food van at 4 am, or visiting the Braddon Servos for some more caffeine. People who make the computer labs at Copland a really fun place to hang out at 2am on a Monday morning. Think of it as a bonding experience which the efficient, prepared, non-red eyed ones will miss out on, and in doing so, have become less than students. They probably won't even lend you their lecture notes or Crim Law summaries. Bastards.

Perhaps a poster on the wall of an unnamed honours room says it all — "Sleep? Isn't that just a really inadequate substitute for Caffeine?"

Wishing you beautiful dreams as I prepare for yet another all-nighter.



Hey Uni Kids!

If you colour this in and you win you get a case of Jolt Cola kindly donated by the special people at the Acton Supermarket. All you need to do is make it pretty colours and bring it into the Woroni office upstairs on the bridge next door to the Students' Association, put your name and phone number below and give it to one of the Woroni freaks. Don't be afraid!

Name:.....
 Student I.D
 Phone No:.....

Ups and Ups

In the interests of student health *Woroni* staff members conducted many rigorous tests upon (semi)willing human subjects performing all-nighters and their resulting exam/essay performance. We came up with six main ways of living through that crucial all-nighter.

Method A: Chocolate and Coke: Great for getting you through the 3am low period. Try sculling 2 litres of Coke (or 1 litre of Jolt) 15 minutes before your exam starts.

Chug it down. Subjects report feeling invincible when walking into the exam room. The sugar and caffeine work for a while and make you think you're doing great, but the comedown in the final hour of a three hour exam is horrendous. Rating: Credit or lower

Method B: Caffeine: No-Doze, Jolt, Coffee all give you a hit and make the heart race but don't generally improve thinking ability, especially after one all-nighter. This is the tried and true method used by almost every student. There can be problems, however, if your hands start shaking too much to actually do the exam. Rating: Credit

Method C: Sudafed: this seems to work, and many a previous *Woroni* editor has mentioned its effectiveness, but again has

an awful comedown, and is not so good for more than one all nighter. Like using caffeine (or any drug it seems), it's almost impossible to get some sleep if you actually get enough done to justify some rest. Has the most frying of side-effects. Rating: Pass (if swallowed with coffee). Credit (if crushed and snorted).

Method D: Speed etc: Well, ten thousand truckies can't be wrong can they? Hmmm... expensive and addictive, kids. Rating: Credit-Distinction

Method E: Guarana (a South American Herbal Extract) is available from some health food stores, and has the advantage of allowing you to sleep if you need to, but the sharpness of your consciousness seems a little affected. Plus it tastes *foul!* Rating: Credit-Distinction

(The performance rating of these drug methods is much the same: it'll work for a night if you've got enough stuff and only take the occasional trip to Dolly's for food.)

Method F: Scare yourself shitless. Hei Tom's description of how he does it: "I've s. at least three major exams with almost no sleep, and info-crammed in a desperate last minute effort. It was stressful, exciting, sickening, but successful, yielding D-HD results. Reasoning that the body is capable of amazing feats under conditions of extreme pressure, I began snacking on high-fibre, high-protein foods — green salads and mixed

nuts. I jogged around the block to keep my body alert. And at about 5am I visualised all the financial and academic consequences of dimly failing an annual unit to induce some adrenaline secretion. As I was walking towards Uni in the cold reality of the morning sunlight, I popped chocolate chunks for a caffeine-sugar rise. The whole thing was a nasty, unpleasant ordeal invoked by fear. I would only recommend it to the foolhardy few."

By consensus, this last method is the best. The only thing I can think to add is to drink lots of water. I mean lots! Litres through the night. It gives you something to do, and the continual bladder pressure and trips to the toilet make sure you can't just drift off. Whichever method you choose, our entire test panel recommends that you keep off the sugar.



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- **Saturday** 11am-2am
- Closed on Sunday

Walking for their lives

you can do something

The United Nations has declared 1996 the International Year for the Eradication of Poverty. The news, however, has not reached Yashoda and Rukmini on the rubbish dumps, Taya on the streets, Sangeeta in the cigarette factory, or Praiwan in the leather bag factory. Andrea Motto from Community Aid Abroad recently witnessed the poverty of these children first hand. Although it will be a long time before poverty in India is significantly reduced, Andrea is hopeful about the future. And it is students like you who are helping to change things.

All over the globe, children as young as five work 12 to 18 hours a day, often for as little as eight cents daily. They get one or two days off per month. They receive no overtime pay, no education, and inadequate food and medical care. They have no childhood.

The lives of rag pickers Yashoda, 13, and Rukmini, 10, exemplify the misery of the lives of the 20 million child labourers in India (estimated 200 million worldwide). Their mother has no education and is unable to feed her family herself. She is forced to send her children out as rag pickers to survive. Her daughters in turn will receive no education, have no employable skills, and bear another generation of rag pickers.

Strength in Numbers

There is hope on the horizon for Yashoda and

Rukmini. Projects funded in part through Community Aid Abroad are taking lasting action to relieve their suffering. Rag pickers have formed a union, backed by India's only all-women university in Pune.

Women like 27-year-old lecturer Lakshmi Neryan are helping the rag pickers fight for better prices and conditions and an education for their children.

Today the union has 4,500 members. The officially named Paper, Glass and Tin Labourer Organisation offers its members the status of a registered profession, an identity card and weekly meetings.

Recycling is a profitable industry in India. Paper is recycled up to eight times, warranting the importation of whole containers of garbage from rich countries like Australia. The Union has set up two cooperatives for the collection, separation and sale of garbage. They have significantly increased their wages by cutting out the middlemen and dealers and selling directly to end-users.

The Union operates a health clinic for members and their children and credit cooperatives to help them hold on to their earnings. These schemes have had a direct effect on child labour. Higher income for families means that the small profits children make are not as necessary. With their time not consumed with scavenging in dumps, children have a chance to go to school.

The Union offers a combination of incentives for parents who send their children to classes, such as free school meals. A daily meal for even one family member is a considerable contribution to these families.

"We have proved that if you can keep a child in school until year four they will not go out rag picking," says Neryan.

No School Today

Ten-year old Taya sews garlands of marigolds in the busy roadside gutter outside her family's Bombay hut. Each day, she and her father enter the bustling streets of

the city of 13 million to sell the results of their labour. They make the equivalent of about \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. This will buy their family one meal.

Taya limps on her right foot. She was run over by a taxi, but her family does not have money for medical care. She has never been to school. Her father says she will marry in the next few years anyway.

Sangeeta, 11, from the Southern Indian state of Tamil Nadu, works 16 hours a day rolling bidis (cigarettes) on a dusty factory floor. Her destitute parents pledged her to the owner for a loan of 3,000 rupees (about \$100.00). As a bonded labourer, she earns 2 rupees (eight cents) a day, though she should be getting 22 rupees (90 cents). The owner deducts the difference from the loan. Sangeeta has been working since she was seven but the loan is not yet paid. Sangeeta has never been to school.

Praiwan, 13, comes from Srisaket Province in north-east Thailand. His family's farm failed due to a drought which sent the family deep into debt. He works in a leather factory where he earns 600 Baht (\$35) a month. He starts his day at 8:00 am and finishes work after 11:00 at night. There are not enough bathrooms in the dormitories where he lives, so he often has to wait until 1:00 am to wash his clothes and take a bath. Although he dreams of being a scientist, Praiwan cannot go to school because he only has two days off a month.

Children like Taya, Sangeeta, and Praiwan face not only present suffering, but a lifetime of suffering. If they survive into adulthood, they will always have low-paying jobs and will be unable to send their own children to school.

In the face of hunger and poverty there are no constitutional rights, though the United Nations has declared otherwise. The poor, those who cannot scrape together two meals a day, are forced to send their children out to work.

ves



Youth Helping Youth

Child labour is illegal in certain hazardous industries in India and the constitution guarantees all children an education until age 14. The government, however, admits to having 20 million child labourers.

YUVA, (Youth for Unity and Voluntary Action) an Indian non-government organisation and major Community Aid Abroad project, is making a difference to some of the child street labourers in Bombay.

100,000 children, some as young as four, are caught up in a nightmare of police harassment, sexual abuse, homelessness and exploitation. They are train scavengers and cleaners, shoe-shiners, carnival flunkies, prostitutes, or simply gang members.

YUVA, which means youth in Hindi, helps these children organise to fight for their rights. With the help of volunteers, many of whom are former gang members, it runs street schools and employment training, food kitchens, mobile health clinics and shelters. The shelters provide square meals, access to teachers, and advice and human support.

According to YUVA worker Kavitha Krishnamoorthy, "Our entire program is about seeing the child as a human being with certain rights... the right to health, the right to food with dignity, the right to security, education, peace and play."

The organisation believes in encouraging young people to come up with their own solutions and decisions. It does not see the children as victims.

"We have started a credit program for young people where they can form their own cooperatives or self-help groups," says Minar Pimple, one of YUVA's founders.

YUVA is also establishing a multi-purpose community resource centre based in the slums. It will be a meeting place and centre for social activities, training and credit services.

Community Aid Abroad has contributed \$193,000 to YUVA since 1985, covering the cost of modest activists' and social workers' salaries. These are the

workers who, through close consultation with slum dwellers, have developed a comprehensive program to improve their living conditions and demand their rights.

"Child labour is a symptom of poverty. A lasting solution requires effective grass roots action in the country of origin," says Alpa Vora, director of YUVA and long-time social justice advocate. "If schools can provide at least one square meal a day, parents will... have a real incentive to keep children in school."

These children are very vulnerable, but they are also resourceful and resilient. They have to be to survive in the streets. We help them to develop these strengths to come up with their own solutions."

She initially helped slum dwellers fight forced evictions and later set up YUVA's first night shelter, which is run by street children themselves. She also started pavement schools, a basic education program for children that literally takes place on the sidewalks and gutters of Bombay. Alpa also coordinates YUVA's campaign for children's housing rights and trains women from Bombay slums to become community activists.

A three-year media campaign against child labour culminated in a conference of 1,100 child labourers gathered in Madras for three days in 1994. They talked about their conditions and hammered out a list of demands.

The children at the conference said things like, "We are poor children. We need good food. We want you to send us to school. We want good and free schools near our houses. If we are given food in schools our parents will send us to school more willingly."

Extensive media coverage of the Convention has produced some results.

Politicians are responding to intensive pressure to expand India's anti-labour laws and give them teeth. A petition asking for clarification of the guidelines around child labour has been filed with India's Supreme Court.

Eradication of Poverty

The 1996 declaration for the International Year for the Eradication of Poverty is a necessary first step. Out of the 5.7 billion people in the world, 1.5 billion are desperately poor. That number is increased by 25 million people each year. 1.5 billion lack access to clean drinking water. 20 per cent of the world's population survives on an income of less than \$1.00 a day.

To make this declaration a reality for children like Taya, Sangeeta, Yashoda and Rukmini, Community Aid Abroad needs help supporting the Rag Pickers Union, YUVA and similar organisations that are building lasting solutions to the misery of child labour.

What you can do

One way you can help is to participate in the Walk Against Want on Sunday March 24 in Weston Park, Yarralumla.

The Walk is Australia's largest and longest running fundraising event, this year celebrating its 30th anniversary. Over 1000 Canberrans (and over 30,000 Australians nationally) are expected to walk, jog, cycle, skate and perambulate their way around the 7 and 12 km courses in support of Community Aid Abroad's projects. This year funds will aid efforts to eradicate child labour worldwide.

It's not too late to get involved with this year's Walk. Pick up your sponsor book from any Body Shop or the Community Aid Abroad Shop in the Bus Interchange at 112 Alinga Street in Civic or just show up at the Walk at 10 am on the 24th.

Last year the Walk Against Want earned \$50,000 in Canberra alone and over \$1.5 million all over Australia.

So walk it, bike it, or blade it, but just don't skip the Walk Against Want this year.

Yashoda's and Rukmini's job descriptions might read:

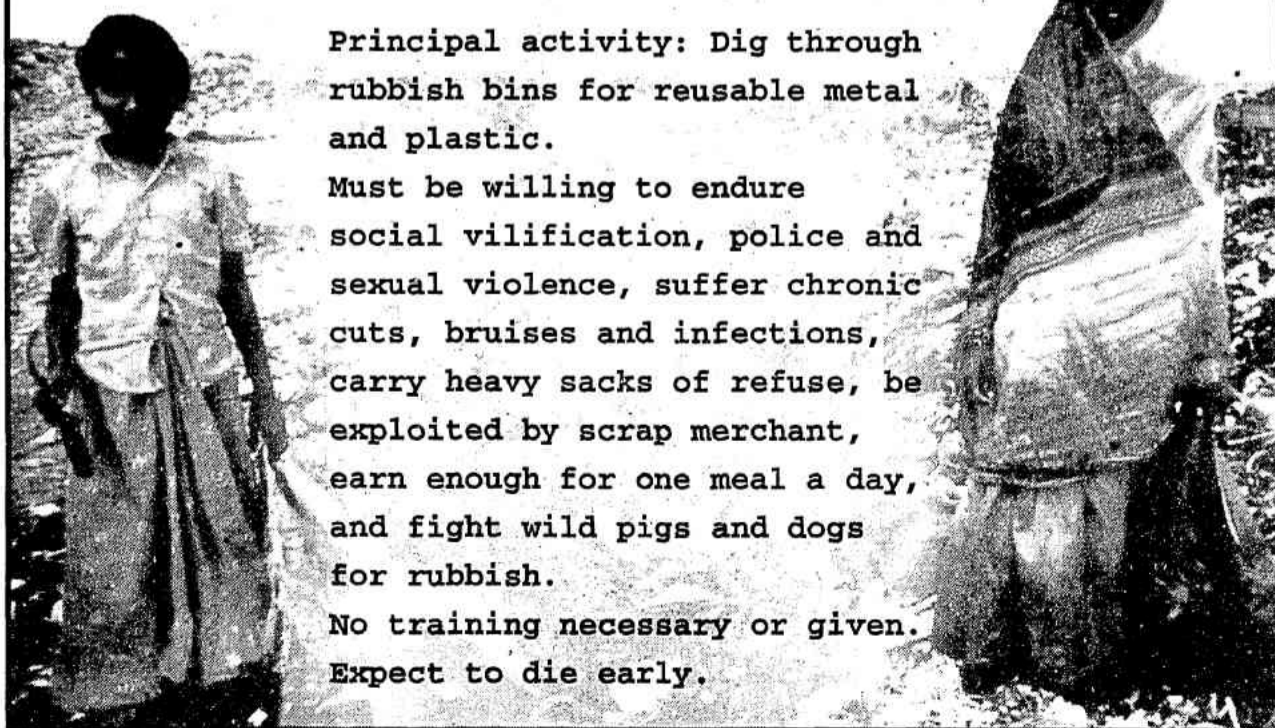
Position vacant: Rag picker

Principal activity: Dig through rubbish bins for reusable metal and plastic.

Must be willing to endure social vilification, police and sexual violence, suffer chronic cuts, bruises and infections, carry heavy sacks of refuse, be exploited by scrap merchant, earn enough for one meal a day, and fight wild pigs and dogs for rubbish.

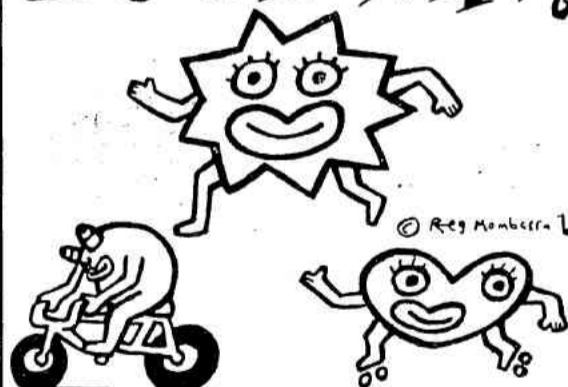
No training necessary or given.

Expect to die early.



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Housing Online is located on the CIS Homepage (called "ANU Online"), under 'Noticeboard'.

The URL is <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>.

Housing Referral Service

The Housing Referral Service (HRS) also acts as a broker to assist students to find accommodation on the private rental market. Students can apply to the service and receive free rental advice and assistance negotiating with Real Estate Agents to secure a property.

Landlords can list their properties with the service free of charge.

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Officer at the Housing Office on 243 3100 (73 100 internal) or 018 623 860.

This service is brought to you by the ANU Housing Office.



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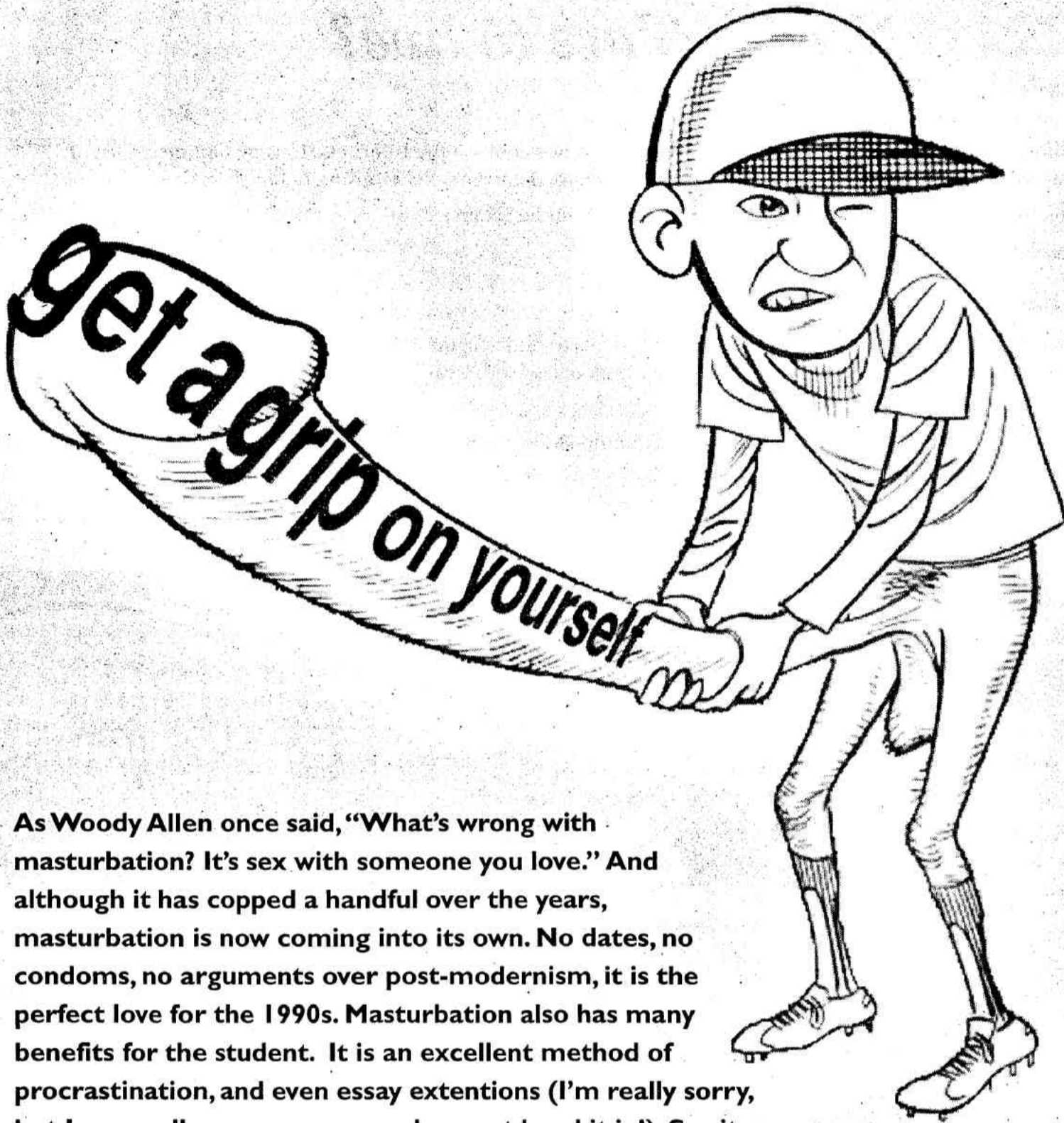
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As Woody Allen once said, "What's wrong with masturbation? It's sex with someone you love." And although it has copped a handful over the years, masturbation is now coming into its own. No dates, no condoms, no arguments over post-modernism, it is the perfect love for the 1990s. Masturbation also has many benefits for the student. It is an excellent method of procrastination, and even essay extensions (I'm really sorry, but I came all over my essay and cannot hand it in!). So sit back, relax, and let your fingers do the walking, as Tom McCawley explores the Ins and Outs of masturbation.

Ploues

Along with the world's oldest profession, masturbation may be the world's oldest pastime. As the old adage goes '95 % do, and the other 5 % are liars.' All the paragons of patriarchy, the "great men" of history — they are almost certainly all tossers. Aristotle, Alexander the Great, Leonardo, Einstein, Hitler, John Howard, you name it, chances are that if they've got one they use it — or abuse it, depending on your view.

Unlike politics, masturbation is not a male dominated profession. As Madonna has publicly shown us sisters can, and have been 'dooin' it for themselves'. Many studies show that although perhaps less forthright than men a large proportion of the female population indulge in 'the vice'. Masturbation may have been a much greater motivator of women than hitherto believed. Where do legends such as Bronwyn Bishop or Hilary Clinton get their drive?

According to anthropologists and sexual spe-

cialists masturbation is prevalent in most, if not all cultures on the planet: As old myths and stereotypes surrounding masturbation are peeled away, and new studies appear it is becoming increasingly clear that almost everyone does it. Most boys begin between the ages of 8 and 14. Girls often start from age 15 onwards, of course with great variety on both sides.

Puritans and macho-men may deny it, but as the data comes out the picture of humanity as a great community of masturbators becomes clearer and clearer. Hell, at least its something that unites the world.

Fantastically, such a basic human activity remains shrouded in mystery and guilt. Hardly anyone admits to it. *Portnoy's Complaint*, an American novel, which addresses spontaneous and compulsive masturbation drew reactions of horror and disgust from the American public as late as 1969.

For men its a schizophrenic topic riddled with embarrassing contradictions. We all know, deep

within our souls, deep within our mouldy jocks, that practically every bloke who calls a penis his own, frequently enjoys flights of erotic fantasy courtesy of the 'old feller'. Dont let anyone fool you — all men share the same mistress, Mrs Palmer and her five daughters.

Even so, its not a topic to be brought up lightly at the local pub or footie trainin'. Many men think wanking is something that kids do at Y.M.C.A. camps and grammar boarding schools. It conjures to mind pimples, a meteoric hormone register and a voice see-sawing like a donkey singing falsetto. We hate being reminded of our Adrian Mole years. It throws water on all the fundamental archetypes of male potency. 'Tossing' is substitute medicine — dope when you want heroin

Women seem to be no less hung up. As a women's officer commented to me "women hardly ever talk about it". I can't write from subjective experience about this topic, and it's no easier getting women to talk. Perhaps its

physiology. Where men have it all hanging out, women have to explore and probe in dark recesses. Women usually start later, and are much more secretive about it. Masturbation is definitely part of the feminine mystique.

The sin of 'Onania'

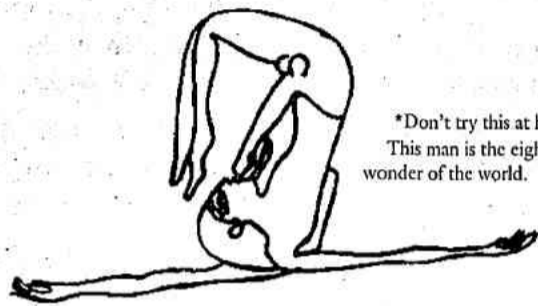
Such attitudes are implanted deep within our culture. The current social inhibition are the legacy of a stigma of much greater antiquity. For centuries, masturbators have been plagued by religious vitriol and vile slander. Copping slams from Christianity, Judaism and Islam alike, masturbation has been endowed with an aura of sin and evil. In the 19th century a string of quasi biological arguments sprung up claiming masturbation to be the cause of all sorts of mental derangements.

St Augustine, an early Christian, offered numerous thoughts on 'self pollution'. Along with other 'crimes against nature' such as bestiality and homosexuality, masturbation was a transgression of chastity, and thus evil. He pointed to the biblical story of Onan, who spilled his seed on barren ground as proof that this practice was frowned on by the almighty.

St Thomas of Aquinas, another well known medieval liberal, struck a great blow in the battle against the 'sin of Onania'. He argued that as man was conceived in lust it was his holy duty to overcome this evil. 'Self abuse' was just not on. Aside from the technicalities of getting your hands through chain-mail or a chastity belt, anything that fun just had to be bad.

These views that formed the basis of Christian attitudes towards masturbation were reflected throughout the medieval world. In many cities in the middle east, masturbation was a capital offense. Early Jewish texts have been found which exhort men to do a no-hands piss so as not to risk stimulation of their genitals. For women, it was a one way trip to the old subterranean fires.

Eastern philosophers and doctors also gave masturbation the big thumbs down. According to Taoist medical theory the discharge of semen and vaginal fluids results in a depletion of the bodies vital energy, or Ch'i. In India, Ayurvedic doctors also warned of the depletion of bodily fluid through excessive masturbation. They recommended the regular practice of anal contractions during sex to preserve these pre-



*Don't try this at home. This man is the eighth wonder of the world.

"Whilst erotic love has been immortalised in a million works of art, hardly anyone wants to look at masturbation. Where are the ancient statues depicting Grecian gods in the act? Where are the Renaissance paintings? Where is the rock art?"

cious substances.

Medical Arguments Against Masturbation

The campaign against tossing really picked up in the 18th century with the book *Onanism, Or, A Treatise on the Disorders of Masturbation in 1741*. What today would be regarded as deranged nonsense was regarded as objective science. This book was a hysterical polemic on the dangers of masturbation. Dr Tissot informs us that his dangerous practice could induce every malady from epilepsy to madness.

Tissot's theories induced a century and a half

of warnings about the consequences of masturbation. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the American Declaration of Independence, warned that masturbation causes poor eyesight, epilepsy, memory loss, and pulmonary tuberculosis.

Victorian doctors wrote of the dire fates that would befall masturbators. The typical masturbator, they claimed, was a sickly, gollum-like creature. He or she acquired pale, lamp-like eyes, and a reptilian appearance. One book described the masturbator thus: "he becomes a lunatic, covered in acne, a shivering, gibbering nervous wreck, incapable of honesty or hard work". 'The Vice' drained them of all vitality and moral force, they were depicted much like drug addicts are today.

The 19th century spawned a fete of anti-masturbation campaigners. One was Graham, inventor of the Graham cracker. He wrote in his 1834 book *A Lecture to a Young Man*, that masturbation would transform a young boy into "a confirmed and degraded idiot".

J.H. Kellogg, founder of Kellogg's cornflakes was a popular anti-masturbation campaigner. In his articles and speaking tours he warned of the dire consequences of masturbation. One of his early marketing speels was that eating his cornflakes could quell the urge to indulge.

Kellogg's bestselling book, *Plain Facts for Old and Young embracing the Natural History and Hygiene of Organic Life* published in 1888 gave a dire warning about masturbation. He wrote that parents should watch for thirty nine signs of masturbation. These included rounded shoulders, weak backs, paleness, acne, heart palpitations, and epilepsy.

To curb this he suggested that parents bandage the child's genitals, cover them with a cage, or tie the hands. Another remedy was circumcision, "without administering an anesthetic". For girls it was recommended that "carbolic acid be applied to the clitoris".

PORN FLAKES

The Original and Best

Harvey Kellogg believed that masturbation resulted in the loss of vital bodily fluids, and wrote many advertisements vilifying it, like this example (right). Those crunchy flakes of golden goodness that you wake up to every morning were actually invented to extinguish sexual desire, and stop little kiddies from playing with Mr Snakey before school. Unfortunately for Mr Kellogg, the simple pleasures in life are still often the best.

THE VAMPIRE OF YOUTH

THE Corroding Ulcer that is Eating Its Way Slowly Into the Vitals of Thousands of Young Men and Unfitting them for Both the Duties and Pleasures of Life

THE habit of self-abuse, running riot in a body young and but partly developed, acting over a period of months or years upon a brain or nervous system as soft and susceptible to impressions as potter's clay, must of necessity leave its marks behind....

...Many a bright mind has been wrecked, many a great career blasted, many a happy home broken up by that serpent of ignorance and passion that drags its silmy and repellent lengths through a whole life-time....

...These delicate parts, like the sensitive film of a photographic plate, are so forcibly impressed at this early age by the "VAMPIRE OF YOUTH," that unless proper measures of relief are taken, a life-time of misery and despair, and sometimes suicide, are the result....

...This disease, when the losses are not promptly checked, invariably ends in complete sexual debility and loss of power, constitutional and nervous weaknesses, spinal trouble, insanity and paralysis.

THE Relentless Vengeance of Youthful Folly or Ignorance. The Searing of the Young Soul with the Hot Coals of Unbridled Passion

One of the first local manifestations of this disease is a shrinking or wasting, accompanied by coldness and flabbiness of the parts. In most cases of Spermatorrhea it will be found that the digestive system is deranged, the appetite is poor. There is a loss of fluid, falling memory, hot flashes, (blushing easily), bowels irregular, and general nervousness. The patient's sleep is usually unrefreshing, there is a tired feeling in the morning, coated tongue on account of the derangement of the digestive organs and sluggish liver....

Entrepreneurs began inventing devices that could prevent masturbation. These included a genital cage that used springs to hold a boy's penis and scrotum in place and a device that sounded an alarm if a boy had an erection. Such inventions produced a reign of terror and fear that were reported in the Kinsey studies as late as 1940.

Small wonder that the blokes on the footy field are a bit shy about the box of tissues on the bedside table. With the threat of fiery damnation hanging about in the collective unconscious, who can blame people for twinges of guilt as they reach for their pink bits?

This great denial throughout the centuries can be seen in our art. Whilst erotic love has been immortalised in a million works of art across the centuries and globe, hardly anyone wants to look at masturbation. Where are the ancient statues depicting Grecian gods in the act? Where are the Renaissance paintings? Where is the rock art? It hardly rates a mention in Shakespeare. Where are the operas and the symphonies?

Surely this ferocious tirade during the last millenia must rate as a great tragedy of human history. How many lonely old men have lain awake tortured by fears of divine revenge in the afterlife merely for spanking the old monkey? How many wives on the frontier have felt trapped between the bible and that sweet wetness? Such a galaxy of misinformation and prejudice — in this case oppressing no minority, but a huge proportion of the human race.

The case for Masturbation

Thankfully in recent decades mainstream social attitudes to masturbation have become saner. Therapists and even some in the Church are realising that the fragile cement of sanity is partially bound together by the ability to satisfy one's sexual urges without a partner.

Masturbation allows us to escape being imprisoned by our lustful urges. Driven by a darwinian need to procreate we are often denied opportunities to do so. Milan Kundera calls this *Litost* — the terrible loneliness of not getting enough ass. For those of use who have experi-

enced the soul-rending anguish of sexual frustration, masturbation is proof of a benign creator.

You see, many of us in "Generation X" lurking in suburban monotony and our middle class angst, realise masturbation is one of the only activities which offers any true meaning or fulfillment. Adding almost nothing to G.N.P., ideally suited to dingy, sordid loungerooms in grouphouses, it is the ideal slacker pastime. The likes of Nirvana and Mudhoney — now there's a bunch of masturbators if ever there was one.

In difficult economic times it remains a very low cost form of entertainment. Often, it can be so much better than the real thing. In all the mythology and hype surrounding sex, people often forget the mundane realities. In a society where sex is worshipped many overlook how tricky and inconvenient it can be. Those little squelchy sounds, squeaking beds, incompatible partners, smelly condoms, intrusive housmates, shitty relationships, all of these are skeletons in the closet of the sex myth. People seem to forget about the shit you have to go through to find it. But with masturbation, the elusive orgasm is merely an arms reach.

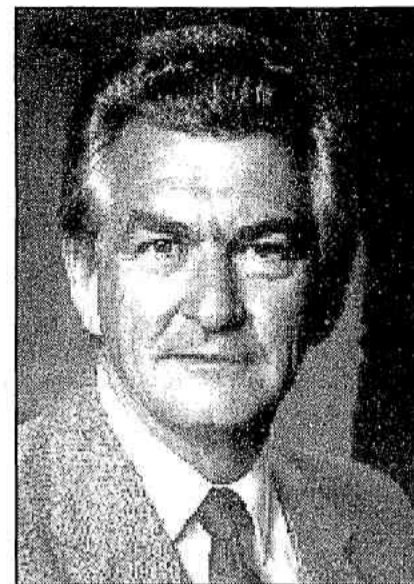
In an era which is rapidly becoming more 'wank friendly' many people are looking to the Bible, not for condemnation, but support of masturbation. After all, Moses was up on mount Sinai for an awfully long time. Noah was stuck in the ark for weeks and weeks on end, and surely sexual opportunities were limited in a boat despite the wide variety of animal life. J.C. himself was in the desert for forty days and forty nights, alone. Who would deny the Messiah the right to a bit of light relief and relaxation?

In between exoduses, battles and famines, the Middle east BC could be a pretty boring place. And if people so frequently indulge now in the era of multi-media entertainment, whose to say they didn't in the age of biblical retribution?

In fact the more closely one looks you realise that human history is littered with oblique references to masturbation. Consider the following quotes:

"Love thy neighbor as thou wouldst love

Bob says: "Get down low, and go, go, go!"



"The old masturbation syndrome hit me at about the same age as everyone else. I felt guilty I suppose, perhaps more guilty than anyone else, but it didn't detract from the enjoyment. I found it added a startlingly interesting new dimension to life."
Bob Hawke, in *R.J.L. Hawke: A Life*, by Blanche Dalpuget.

thyself." — Jesus Christ. *Is this not a call for mutual indulgence?*

"Imagination is more important than knowledge." *Obviously Einstein was praising the superior qualities of masturbation in comparison to actual sex.*

"Not tonight Josephine" — Napoleon Bonaparte. *There is no doubt, that tiring of the good woman's well meaning advances, Napoleon preferred his own company.*

"Eureka!" — Aristotle. *Just what was this ancient Greek doing, enjoying himself in the bath so much?*

Masturbation offers great potential for global healing. Perhaps if all the twisted despots throughout history spent more time jacking off and less time fiddling with nuclear buttons the world would be less screwed up. Saddam Hussein looks like he could do with a good bit digital relief.

For such a normal and universal human activity, masturbation has been much maligned throughout the ages. A great tonic to countless sexually frustrated souls, masturbation must surely rate as one of the greatest of human hobbies. And yet in the last millennia masturbation has been denied its rightful place of honour in human history. As we approach the year 2000 perhaps it is time for the world to collectively 'come out' not to 'stop it, or we'll go blind' as the Pontiff has exhorted, but to loosen up, unbuckle, and go for it.

Comics stolen from *Peepshow* by Joe Matt, published by Drawn and Quarterly, and *Eight Ball* by Dan Close, published by Fantagraphics Books.



Microsoft® GIVEAWAY

Microsoft and Woroni would like to give you the unbelievable opportunity to win one of three copies of Microsoft Office for Windows '95 or a copy of Windows '95. Consider this....
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.....so reach for your potential....your ideas are valuable....commit them to original software.



For a limited time Microsoft is offering exclusive to university students, greatly reduced prices on Office '95. Available through university campus computer stores, Microsoft is now offering the full version Office Professional for windows '95, Office 4.2 for Windows 3.1 and Office 4.2 for Macintosh for an estimated \$199.¹ (Offer ends April 31, 1996)

With original software you receive full manuals, product, virus-free software, and access to cheaper upgrades. Microsoft would like to give students the opportunity to own original software at a price they can afford.

Bugs and malfunctions are common in copied software, so give yourself the opportunity to own an original copy of the most popular software in the professional world.²

FOR YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A COPY OF MICROSOFT OFFICE PROFESSIONAL SEE BELOW

To win fill in the answers to the three questions below and drop it into Woroni, in the Students Association by 2nd April, 1996

- 1) What are the advantages of owning original software?
- 2) What dangers can happen if you use copied software?
- 3) What applications are included in the Microsoft Office professional package?

- 1 Exclusive to purchasers of Office '95 at an estimated \$199, Windows '95 is also reduced to an estimated \$69.
- 2 IDC Microstoreboard market share study

Don't leave your AUSTUDY application to the last minute



Apply by 31 March to get your full AUSTUDY entitlement.

If you are studying for the full year or for first semester, you must lodge your AUSTUDY application by 31 March to make sure you get any back payments to which you may be entitled. Even if your application is incomplete, give it to a Student Assistance Centre or CES

office by 31 March and provide what's missing later. You'll find the phone number and address of your local Student Assistance Centre or CES office listed under "E" for "Employment, Education and Training, Dept of" in the White Pages of the telephone book.

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to book your space
today!

Request for submissions on Nestlé ban

The ban has now been in place for two years. On Wednesday March 13 the ANU Union Board will be debating this issue. I invite submissions, both for and against, on the matter. Please send your submission to ANU Union, ANU 0200, or drop them into the Chair's office (top floor Union Building) by 5.00pm on March 5.

Michael Zorbas
Chair, ANU Union Board.

Dreaming of Roadrunner landscapes

I have heard the anthem of my generation. It is neither inspiring nor restrained. It is ugly. It is harsh. It does not ring but it screeches. It speaks of violence. Of drugs. It speaks with the voices of harpies, clawing at the air with their cries of pain. Yet it is strangely compulsive. Once heard it captures the memory, like a terrorist with a hostage. It pulses. It chimes. It somehow manages to rhyme "freedom" and "beat 'em", and in doing so it speaks for every one of us:

*Roger Ramjet he's our man, hero of our nation,
For his adventures just be sure and stay tuned to this station.*

I believe in diversity. Plurality. Variety of experience and multitudes of discourse. But today, gentle reader, I want to talk about something that concerns us one and all. Throughout our childhoods, regardless of our own personal triumphs, traumas, anxieties, or experiences, there was a common bond that linked us. A baser level at which we were all equal, and something that united us all:

Television.

There is nothing that so connects two individuals between the ages of 17 and 25, of whatever background, like the fact that they both spent significant proportions of their childhoods watching *G-Force*. Its true. The sociological implications of this shared cultural memory are staggering. Call it a generational thing and ascribe to it the consonant of your choice, but it is something we all share. Kermit the Frog, Astro Boy and Penfold are the icons of our generation. It is *Monkey*, and it is *Dr Who*, which is our cultural heritage.

How did this happen? Why was the effect so huge? For what is significant is not merely the fact that we all of us spent those long hours prone before the screen like absorbent, muesli-bar munching disciples of a rabid, slightly schizophrenic prophet. Rather, it is the fact that we defined ourselves according to what we saw there. We are the children of that legacy, and it shows. Television is imprinted into our psychological make-up like a bar-code to be scanned in the supermarket check-out of life. I don't give a damn about political, religious or sexual affiliation, but you can tell a hell of a lot about a person by whether they most identified with Mark, Jason or Kiop.

Then there are those conversations which inevitably eventuate in a group of uni students once alcohol, drugs or two hours of Property Law have eaten away the shield of social superficiality: were Bert and Ernie really lovers, and was there a chilling sexual message behind rubber ducky? Why did Smurfette wear heels in the middle of the forest, and why weren't there any other female smurfs? What was the story with Fred and Daphne, and why were they always going off to 'investigate' away from Scooby and Shaggy? What did Doctor Claw really look like? Was Zoltar really a woman? I need to know. These questions, and the endless debates as to their answers, are important. You can't understand someone who grew up in the 80's without reference to *Degrassi Junior High*. You just can't.

My brother, who is 15 and quite possibly the devil incarnate, knows nothing about any of this. That is, he watched *Press Gang*, but it didn't matter. It didn't form him. His Nintendo and his computer are more important to him than his television. That's because he missed it. He didn't go through sex ed class at the same time as Kevin Arnold, or have his first kiss just as Erica and Heather were panicking about the kissing disease. Perhaps we're the last generation to really be raised with that sort of television. Indeed, it seems that is one of the few things of which we can truly claim possession. Our parents had music. Our younger siblings have video games. But television, that television, that was ours.

Perhaps, too, the reason it is so important, and the reason we treasure it so, is because it connotes to us a unique kind of innocence now lost. Those Road-Runner landscapes that just went on and on — I used to dream beneath those landscapes. Perched before the TV at 6am on a Saturday morning wearing flannel pyjamas and wrapped in a doona, we always knew who the villain was; we knew the coyote would never catch the Road-Runner (as much as everybody wanted it to happen). It provided certainty. And the desire, amidst all the tension and greyness of the world without, to escape to a Secret Valley, or to lose ourselves in a Technicolor dream world — doesn't everyone feel that?

I could, I suppose, be wrong. It could just be my own delusion. But then, I see the evidence every day. I see the legions who watch *The Simpsons* and desperately fight losing battles against addictions to *Melrose* or *Bevs*. Don't tell me that sort of dedication doesn't come from years of indoctrination. Only a generation raised on *Sesame Street* could suspend disbelief for that long. I don't think we should be ashamed. On the contrary, I think we should be proud. I think we should raise our screeching voices high and sing with lusty pride: "Roger Ramjet, he's our man, hero of our nation". Then we should pop our proton energy pills and sleep; dreaming of a coyote savaging a road-runner beneath an endless desert, and finding it immensely and profoundly satisfying.

Discrimination — bricks and mortar, hearts and minds

Back in 1993, in my first year at A.N.U., Ray Spear, a dedicated and earnest soul in charge of the postgraduate school, called together women undergraduates who were interested in going on to do postgraduate research. At the meeting the poor number of women in postgraduate, research and academic positions was discussed and illustrated with graphs and bar charts. How, it was asked, can we persuade women to go on to do further university work? After some discussion, the thorny problem of family commitments was raised by myself. Ray, I said, being a fresh undergraduate, I want it all. I want what many men have got. I want a family and I want an academic career. What, I asked in all innocence, were the child care facilities like for someone who was a primary care giver of children? There was a stunned silence which I must say rather depressed me. No-one at the meeting knew the extent of, the need for, or the quality of, the child care facilities at ANU. It wouldn't have helped if they did. The extent is small, the need is great and the quality cannot be said to be good, because the locations are too far away. Good quality child care is when you can walk for 5 to 10 minutes to see your child and then walk back. If you take a look at the current map of ANU you will find the child care buildings either on the far flung peripheries of the University or off campus altogether. So what the hell was the meeting about? I came away feeling the university was practicing a Nancy Reagan approach to women in research. Just say YES! Forget about your being the primary care giver of children, forget about having nowhere to leave your child when you attend lectures, tutorials or go to the library, Just say YES! Well this is a wake up call. Primary care givers, most of whom are women, are just saying NO.

Which brings me to the very first issue of *Woroni* for this year. In the article, 'Women; having our cake and eating it too' the Women's

Department officers, Siobhan McDonnell and Jessica Warner, express the theme for this year as being the combating of either/or choices for women, such as motherhood or a career. There are two reasons why this article depressed me. Firstly, it struck me as the Student Association's very own, Just say, YES! campaign. It had such a, 'let's all believe we can fly and close our eyes and it will come true', ring about it. It seems to me that the physical reality of what a primary care giver has to put up with at University, should be the focus of any change. So behind any talk aimed at changing hearts and minds should be the goal of pushing for a bricks and mortar, child care agenda. Being positive is good but singing in your chains is not. And, secondly, although the brunt of discrimination against parents is borne by women, as I suggested earlier, as soon as there is just one man who is a primary care giver or potential primary care giver on campus, it becomes, (and so now is) an issue for both men and women.

So is child care a University problem? Well, it is a University problem because a section of the Australian community is being discriminated against in terms of what education and employment they have access to. Now just let your imagination roam for a moment. Imagine in this wild dream that child care facilities at ANU are as central as sporting facilities. Outrageous thought isn't it! Imagine that men and women who are the primary care givers of children are WELCOME at ANU. That rather than being disadvantaged for having procreated something so distracting as a child, that on every entrance or employment form for ANU is the message... 'If you are a primary care giver of children and gain entry to ANU your child or children will be assured of a permanent full time or part time child care place as required by you'. Imagine that there is somewhere where a father can change a baby's nappy without

having to either do it in public, in a toilet or pack a picnic lunch. If you can imagine these things then you can imagine a University where people are able to participate in University work according to their academic ability, not according to whether or not they are the primary care givers of children.

It probably seems strange to raise the issue of bricks and mortar for child care facilities when University funding is under siege. Fear not! Also in the first issue of *Woroni* this year, I was heartened by the news, forthcoming from our esteemed president, that there is a capital works fund which contains a rather large amount of money. The decision to spend the money seems to rest between a swimming pool and something rather obscurely named a student services building. Now according to numero uno, William Mackerras, the mooted student services building is a 'multi-function building' housing all sorts of student services which are run and funded by the University, such as the Student Health Service. The mooted space it will occupy being the current Hancock Library car park area. What an ideal building for a child care centre to be included in! It is centrally located for students and staff working in about a dozen buildings and it is close to medical facilities.

Of course, I'm hoping that loads of people, be they potential parents, friends of parents, or parents, will recognise this as the best chance for change since Eve herself was in nappies. We have the money, the space, the ideas and NOW we need the hearts and minds of both men and women. If you would like to see some of the outrageous imaginings suggested in this article come true, or if you would like to work against discrimination, then wander along to the Bridge at about 1pm on Wednesday, 27th of March. Children and babies welcome.

Helen Kinmonth
k9305171@student.anu.edu.au
ph:2474970

Donning the gloves for Australia

Consider: the Uni student. Is this enigmatic creature 'environmentally friendly? In its fun-loving, lackadaisical, in-between-lectures form it is popularly thought that this frequenter of the Acton region is blessed with some apprehension of ecological consciousness. But during the dimly lit, hazily-recalled hours of O-week (termed by some the 'mating season'), an amazing metamorphosis takes place. It becomes a social animal; it devours stomach-churning combinations of nutritionally noxious foodstuffs, swills beer and otherwise imbibes toxic liquids and other substances, and discards its astonishing quantity of used prophylactic devices... in public places.

Many will not recall the early hours of Sunday March 3. Those with political proclivities were recovering. Liberals awoke in the afternoon with a yawn and a smug sense of glee, Labor patriots

repressed the throes of melancholy, rubbed their eyes in disbelief, and went back to bed. Most of the inhabitants of Acton just plain slept in. Meanwhile, across campus, at Union Court and surrounding areas, the litter level had reached its peak for the year and sanitation levels had correspondingly plummeted. Rubbish bins had long since reached critical capacity and were spewing their contents over the ground. Another year's O-week had not been kind to our campus. Fortunately, those civic-minded actors behind 'Clean-Up Australia Day' had cleverly scheduled the 1996 event to coincide with the end of O-week. An equally civic-minded group of students were involved in the undertaking of this event on campus, and the whole operation was highly successful. When lectures commenced on Monday, there was not a greasy kebab wrapper, beer bottle, or used

condom in sight.

Golden Key NH Society, who organised the event on campus, plans to conduct the activity again next year. In 1996, the Society will also be promoting public speaking and first-aid courses on campus, co-ordinating interaction between graduate employers and students, assisting in a voluntary tutoring program for students with disabilities, and conducting a number of social events. In order to keep informed of developments and vote for this year's Executive Committee, all current members are strongly encouraged to attend the General Meeting to be held on Tuesday 26 March in Melville Hall Rm GS.1.

("Long live the ecologically sustainable student", he said, removing his bright yellow rubber gloves)

Cheers!
Thomas Bartos
Executive Officer
Golden Key National Honour
Society

House Rules

Yes! You made it, you are now a tertiary student. You are enrolled, you have paid your fees, you are going to work out your timetable and sort out your life for the next couple of years at least. Now, what about where you are going to live?

In addition to the student accommodation available through ANU, many students find that the roof over their heads comes from renting with a group of other students. The good news is that there is a high vacancy rate in Canberra at the moment, so if you've looked in the "To Let" columns you may have noticed a remarkable lack of "no group houses" in the ads. The bad news is that discrimination does occur, and some real estate agents and landlords make a conscious decision not to rent properties to young people or students. Discrimination housing is unlawful, and you can fight against it. The Tenants' Advice Service provides information and advice regarding tenancy issues and can advocate with you.

If you are looking at renting with a group, it's worth spending a little bit of time with the people you are thinking of moving in

with to discuss what are some of the "house rules". If you've got some sort of basic ground rules, fights and disputes can be more easily resolved. It's pretty difficult to decide what everyone thinks about friends staying over when a housemate's gang is perched in the lounge-room, refusing to budge. So do it beforehand so at least you can say "But we agreed..."

People living together often have different incomes, having agreement about what the house rules are can mean that everyone can contribute equally. If someone in the house is on AUSTUDY, what they want, or able, to share in the house may be limited to the essentials, whereas a housemate who is working may want everyone to eat together and contribute towards big food bills.

The Tenants' Advice Service recommends that everyone living in the house should be on the lease together. If the people chop and change once the tenancy begins, get the lease changed as well and submit a change of shared tenancy form with the Office of Rental Bonds. A lease is a legal contract between the

tenants and the landlord and is often the only way that people live together face their responsibilities like paying the rent. For a lot of students, a shared house can be the start of independent housing: it's easy to forget the rent or think that your flatmates can cover it until mid-next week, especially if it's not you that has the lease or has to go in and pay the real estate agent. If everyone who is living in the house is on the lease, then you'll probably find it's a more stable house as well. There's lots of stories out there about one person being on the lease and the rest of the people in the house clearing off; trying to find new flatmates when the semester is in full swing can take a lot of your time.

All the people whose names are on a lease are jointly and severally liable for rent. This means that if one of the tenants shoots through, the rest are still responsible for paying all the rent - not just their share. So if only one person is able to be contacted, that person could be up for all of the rent owed. If this happened to you, you could start legal action against your co-tenants at the Small

Claims Court to recover their share of the rent.

The Tenants' Advice Service has a phone advice line to help you with your tenancy problems or to help you understand what your rights are and how to enforce them. Call 247 2011 between 9.30 am to 1 pm on weekdays (we are only funded for one phone line so be patient), we can also help with problems with your student accommodation, too, not just private rental accommodation.

We have a range of pamphlets about renting, and a free special KIT to store all of your rental documents - your copy of the lease, the bond receipt and rent receipts. So get in touch and get your housing organised so that you can concentrate on other things.

If you would like a copy of the Tenancy KIT you can contact the Tenants Union (247 1026) and they will forward a copy. If you wish to be more involved and have a say on tenancy issues you can join the Tenants Union and strengthen the voice of tenants in the ACT, just contact the office for details.

thanks for the mammaries

women's department

International Women's Day

Friday the 8th of March was International Women's Day a day in which women gather and celebrate. The women's department spent International Women's Day frolicking at *SPLASH OUT* (an event held at civic pool) listening to women's bands, bellydancing and taking self defence classes. In addition to fabulously fun events, International Women's Day is also used by women around Australia and the world to celebrate not only the past achievements of women but also to look at the role of women in our society today and in the future.

This year's Canberra International Women's Day speech was given by Ms Catherine Harris head of the Affirmative Action Agency. Ms Harris used this forum to discuss the present relationship between female disempowerment and employment opportunities, stating that women and their dependent children made up 70% of those living in poverty, a situation that she attributed to poor workplace opportunities. In addition, Ms Harris stressed that Australia still had the most sexually segregated workplace of all OECD countries, "women are still in the lowest paid, lowest status jobs" she said.

On an international level, Ms Wesley, from the department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, used International Women's Day to make the point that women and women's issues are still underrepresented in major international forums, "women's issues have wormed their way through persistence and hard effort, into the consciousness of the (United Nations) system...but are still not fully mainstream...So too do women remain underrepresented in the system as a whole and in national delegations".

Another international issue associated with women was addressed by Amnesty International who took the opportunity of International Women's Day to ask that all governments to honour the commitments made to women's rights at the United Nations Conference (held in Beijing late last year). Amnesty spokespersons stated that while "governments pledged action on issues from violence against women to the protec-

tion of women activists...these pledges have still to be transformed into a reality".

On an Australian front women such as Hazel Hawke and Senator Sheryl Kernot spoke at separate International Women's Day forums. While Mrs Hawke raised the notion that education was the key to empowering women, Senator Kernot used her speech to refute the idea, raised in the recent election, that indigenous Australians fared better than white Australians. Senator Kernot argued that the disadvantages faced by aboriginal women can be seen clearly in the evidence that an aboriginal women's life expectancy is 65 compared to that of 80 of a white Australian women.

In a more political sphere, the Liberal party used International Women's Day to promote its achievements in increasing the number of women in politics. These achievements relate to the 25 newly elected liberal female members of parliament. However while these achievements are impressive many of the women elected hold marginal seats and it is uncertain as to whether they will survive the next election.

Finally, on a more amusing level, the achievements of Wendy Sharp in winning the prestigious Archibald prize for art was hailed as a victory for women on International Women's Day particularly since the painting, detailing a female in a green bra, was seen as a radical choice for a usually conservative award.

These events detail only some of the debate and festivities that take place on International Women's Day. So next year on March the 8th you should all shout hip hip hooray 'caus it'll be here again International Women's Day!

Siobhan McDonnell

women's business

So you survived the Bar slug and other SO-week activities. Hopefully you made it along to the Women's Picnic but if not don't feel like too much of a goose there are more women's department activities to come.

The next event that the women's department has planned is a **Chicks surfing weekend**. Held on the 29th 30th and 31st the surfing weekend will comprise of travelling down to Ulladulla and camping and surfing the weekend away. If you're interested contact your women's officers Siobhan and Jess on 2492444.

The date has been set for **Blue Stocking week**. Grab those diaries girls! Blue Stocking week will be held on week 9, the 13th to the 17th of May. Named Blue Stocking week because the intellectual men of the 18th century wore bluestockings, thus women who wished to pursue an education were mockingly referred to as "bluestockings" because they were seen as trying to masquerade as intellectual men. Blue Stocking week has thus become a week in which we celebrate the achievements of women in education.

Bluestocking week is the major event held by the women's department during

the year. We need helpers to do everything from putting up posters to helping to organise events so if you have any hidden (or not so hidden talents), free time, initiatives or ideas please, please, please come and volunteer your help either at the next women's department meeting (held on Thursday the 4th of April) or with the administrator at the Student's Association. Pretty Please with a cherry on top! we would love your help.

The women's department is trying at the moment to form a **parenting group** of parents on campus. The idea is that parents can meet and care for each others children at uni for a maximum time period of a couple of hours, the Rapunzel room is available as either a meeting spot or place to mind children. If you're interested please call the students association and leave your details with the administrator, we need 15 signatures in order to become a club and society and receive funding.

Women's department meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month. These are informative meetings where we discuss events and issues that will be coming up in the future. Come along and join in!



They're here ... make use of it!

Greetings once again. Mardi Gras has come and gone for yet another year, leaving Oxford St with the usual trail of sequins and dishevelled drag queens in the not-so-early hours of the following day. Those of you who had to settle for the edited and rather lack-lustre televised version on the ABC can take comfort in the fact that next year TV air time won't have to compete with a federal election! With just a bit of luck next year's should be broadcast live, warts and all.

Hopefully most of the non-heterosexual identifying students have by this stage been made aware of the fact that lurking within the depths of the Students' Association lies the Sexuality Department. For those who didn't see our stall at market day or our column in the first edition of *Woroni*, we have a number of resources for gay, lesbian, bi-sexual, and transgendered staff and students. There is a small (but growing) library of books dealing with queer issues that may be borrowed from and a constant supply of free condoms, lube and dental dams from the Lady lube in the Students' Association office (second storey of the Union building near the Asian food bistro). This year a sexuality officer will be in the office every Tuesday from 1pm to 3pm for anyone who may want to borrow any books or discuss any problems they may be having with their sexuality. In addition to pamphlets on safer sex, coming out and A.I.D.S information, there is also a list of contact numbers and addresses available for anyone

who may want to follow up a particular query.

The second meeting of Jellybabies, the social club for non-heterosexual identifying students and friends will be at 4:30 pm at the Meridian club, Braddon on Friday 29 March. It's a great opportunity to meet other students in a relaxed and non-threatening

with the Electric Shadows Cinema is hosting a queer film and video festival from April 18 to 21. The festival will include queer films from around the world, including New Zealand, South Africa, South America, the USA and Europe. Films will be screened in both the red and blue theatres at Electric Shadows as well as the theatre in the

Meg Ryan a run for her money); *"A Few Good Men"*, (no Barbies in this one) and *"Strap on Olympia"* (your guess is as good as mine). There will be over fifty films screened, with some going for as little as five minutes, ranging to others that go for over two hours. Each one promises to give you an insight into the richness and diversity of gay life from a variety of different cultural backgrounds.

The highlight of the festival will be the screening and judging of locally made short films. The winner will receive \$1000, yes that right, ONE THOUSAND BIG ONES!! You submit your entry in any format (film, Video, Super 8 etc) - the only criterion is that the work contain a major queer character or characters, or have a major queer theme. So get your creative juices flowing, get a hold of a handy-cam and start filming. Entries must be submitted by Monday 12 April. For an entry form or competition details contact either Anna or Matt at the Sexuality Dept. or write to:

Canberra Queer Film & Video Festival,
P.O. Box 1005, Civic Square, A.C.T. 2608.

Cheers,
Matt.



environment and is conveniently timed to coincide with Austudy payweek.

The Sexuality Department, in conjunction

Manning Clark, Theatre 4. Come along and see such greats as *"When Shirley met Florence"*; (with a performance that gives



Your guide to O Week recovery

Your Guide to O Week Recovery and Starting Uni

Uh, hello? Are you awake yet? Yes, its me. I'm trying to speak with you.

Look. Lying in bed all day won't help. It's OK. Well, just see how things go.

Yeah, I know. Health and Family Services? Which family, I'm not sure, but everyone comes from a family so we should be OK.

OK, OK, so they're introducing new industrial relations. Well, all relationships change at some stage, so we'll just have to wait and see what they do.

C'mon, just lift your head a little. Open your eyes and let me have a look at you.

What's that I smell on your breath?? Your eyes are all bloodshot. Have you been drinking? You stink something awful. Did something die in your mouth?!!

Whats that you're mumbling? Something about Oh, weak?? Oh, you're feeling weak? I'm not surprised. Just look at you. Lying around and smelling.

Oh, O Week? Is that what this is all about? Well, I could say I told you so but that probably wouldn't help now, would it?

RECOVERY

Well, whether you're recovering from the election result, O Week, Mardi Gras or International Womens Day, now is the time to get your life in order. In case you hadn't noticed, LECTURES HAVE STARTED? Time to go out and buy some lectures pads, some pencils and find out when and where they're on.

It's been a very busy month. O Week was a great success and then very quickly the election and Mardi Gras were upon us. Did you watch the telecasts? Both were just a tad

boring to my way of thinking. But life goes on...

I guess that for some of you O Week may have been the biggest thing since leaving school, and for others it may have been a quite underwhelming experience. I've heard it said that the first six months in a new place are the hardest. Sometimes it's hard to know where to fit in. Everyone else seems to look as though they know where they're going and where they want to be. Some go a long way to pretend that they do.

For example, I was walking into Uni last week and was walking behind this guy. He was sauntering along looking very cool: baseball cap on backwards, t-shirt hanging over the (slightly) ripped jeans. As he approached the map he slowed down considerably and as he passed by the map he craned his neck to decipher it's contents, while all the way he never actually stopped to look at it. Now that's cool...

I guess my point is here that we all feel a bit out of sort at some times, whether it be because we are new to a place or because we don't quite understand what it is that we're feeling, such as lonely, alienated, different or whatever.

RESIDENCE

Finding your own way of fitting into Uni may take you a little while, especially if you're not sure what you want from the myriad of options that are available. For me, one of the most important things about Uni was the friendships I made. Sure, getting the piece of paper made a difference to the jobs I could apply for, but the friendships have lasted longer than the time I was at Uni.

For some people finding their place in Uni

can be especially hard because they feel they are different from others. They feel they don't fit in because they're sexual attraction is to someone of the same gender. If that is the case for you, or if you know of someone who is in that position, they may be interested in joining some of the gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender friendly organisations listed below. You/they may also want to speak with someone privately, and if that is so please feel free to give me a call.

Coming from an overseas, non-English speaking culture can also mean that starting at university is a particularly confusing experience. Some of the cultural norms here are quite different, for example, being able to question a tutor or lecturers opinion is valued as a way of learning here. You may want to get involved in the activities of the overseas students association on your campus. See the section below for contact details.

Even though women constitute more than half the world's population, women can still feel isolated and disconnected. There are a variety of ways that women can become involved on campus. The Womens Officers on your campus are always happy to talk with you and they can provide you with a variety of options, referrals and activities. See the section below for contact details.

Getting involved in an activity or sport is also a great way of meeting people and making contacts. Your sports union can provide you with more details.

RELATE

I'm starting to feel like an advertising machine!

I guess I'm encouraging you to get

involved as it will provide you with opportunities to relate to others, and in doing so, to understand more about yourself. Coming to Uni is about more than just getting a degree. It is also an opportunity to develop some life skills that will fare you well in the future.

It really is that simple.

Stephen Lawton
Campus HIV/AIDS Educator

Telephone 249 3604

Email Stephen.Lawton@anu.edu.au
<http://www.anu.edu.au/cis/Services/hiv/aids>

RESOURCES

ANU Sexuality Department, Tuesday afternoons 249 2444

Jellybabies (ANU social group for gays, bis, lesbians, transgenders and friends)
Meets AUSTUDY pay week, 4.30pm at the Meridian Club

GLAFS (UCs groups for Gays, Lesbians and Friends) 201 5447 Meets Wednesdays in the Students Association

The Canberra Council for International Students 276 4070

International Student Service 279 8003

ANU International Education Office 249 4643

ANU Jabal Centre (Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Office) 249 2363

UC International Office 201 5342

UC Ngunnawal Centre 201 2998

ANU Womens Officers 249 2444

UC Womens Officer 201 2347

president's report

Good News

Many students will have noticed that this year there is a \$25 late enrolment variation charge. This charge was originally going to apply to variations after March 15, but at the meeting of Finance Committee on that day, I successfully sought an extension such that it would apply only after March 23.

In the last few days there has been a heated debate in the Students' Association over the location of the Woroni office. The Woroni Editors wrongly claimed that there was to be an "eviction", but in reality there were only going to be moved from one part of the office to another. In the spirit of compromise, a number of their concerns have been addressed, and they have now agreed to move to the area we had originally proposed. This will bring immense advantage to students who do not regularly come into the SA office, because we will be able to establish a separate services and enquiries room, where the office administrator, Kylie Fraser, will sit and welcome people as soon as they come in the door. Regular users of the office will not have to come through this room, but will enter through another door. This will make the office a more friendly and inviting place to enter, which was one of our promises when we were elected to office.



William Mackerras

Bad News

The election of the Coalition Government on March 2 means the Students' Association is likely to be cut off from the General Services Fee. This is a bad thing because the GSF will stay at least the same level, but the SA will have almost no control over how it is spent.

returning officer's report

Several people have come up to me after the end of the SA General Meeting on Thursday to ask the simple question "What the fuck is going on?" Very few of those who were there at the meeting actually understood or could follow the course of events. This report will try to sort out what went on from my point of view as someone trying to conduct a ballot.

The meeting opened with SA General Secretary Doug Guilfoyle in the chair. Nominations were called for a number of positions on various committees of the SA. Nominations remained open for 15 minutes and weren't closed until everyone was in the room and had sufficient time to lodge a nomination. I announced the candidates who had been elected unopposed, as well as the ballot paper positions for those elections still to be conducted, and proceeded to issue ballot papers to eligible voters.

Some candidates failed to lodge their nominations on time. These would be candidates then decided they would swamp the front of the stage, harangue those trying to conduct the meeting, and move a procedural motion to re-open nominations.

In my opinion the procedural motion should have been ruled out of order by the Chair as I had already issued ballot papers. The SA constitution is silent on the conduct of elections for these positions but it is highly unusual electoral practice to add candidates to the ballot paper after voting has begun. Despite this, the procedural motion was ruled in order and subsequently carried.

An additional period of time was allotted

for nominations during which I received further nominations for several of the positions. I announced to the meeting those people elected unopposed. A ballot by show of hands was conducted for the Chair of the Clubs and Societies Committee and a number of ballot papers were issued for the election of committee members to C&S and the Environment officer. It was at this point that the meeting ended as a result of time constrictions.

What then for the rest of the election? After consultation with all interested parties, the ballot box was locked, sealed and placed in the care of staff at the Chancelry. I have retained a list of those who have received ballot papers. At the next SA General Meeting, I intend to continue with the ballot. Those people who have already cast ballots will not be eligible to do so again (you all know who you are and so do I!!). A ballot by show of hands will also be conducted for the position of Chair of the Education Committee.

For all those anxious candidates who were declared elected unopposed after the second opening of nominations at the original meeting, you remain elected! However, I will hold off publishing a list of successful candidates in all positions until all positions have been filled.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank those people who helped me during such a confused series of events, and to dump a bucket of shit on those who didn't.

Steven Duffy
Returning Officer

treasurer's report

Revised Budget

During the ongoing General Meeting held to elect the Clubs and Societies Committee, an amended budget will be put before the members. The amendments were agreed to by the executive with two issues in mind:

* This year's administration will be the first to pay award wages to its employees. In past years the Administrator's salary was eroded, in an effort to balance the S.A. budget. However, we are a progressive team who believe in the award system, and will not engage in 'scab' employer tactics.

* Also the likely introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism under Howard poses a huge threat to the existence of the S.A. Depending upon which model of V.S.U. is thrust upon us, the SA could find its whole income abolished when compulsory membership payments through the university are outlawed. With virtually no independent revenue this could have dire consequences. As such, the amendments to the budget are designed to take the axe to wasteful expenditure. Extra monies will then be invested in short term accounts to maximise SA revenue.

Audit

Strangely enough I just can't get people

excited about the SA audit. However up until now it has been very difficult to ascertain where we stand financially, and whether the original budget brought down by last year's administration holds water. The audit will tell us our exact position and whether we need to make huge changes to stay solvent.

This year the finance division of the University has agreed to audit our books for us. This measure will save the SA a significant amount of money, as the expense of being audited by a private firm is vast. This year's administration is thus indebted to the University for their co-operation.

O-Week

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the O-week Directors for their huge efforts during the holiday break. In particular, Matt Tinning and Simon Quartermaine, who were prepared to forgo their commission in order to ensure that all student services went ahead. As a result, even the rain failed to dampen the spirit of O-week, with highlights such as Market Day; the Peter Garrett address and the slinky competition. Thanks for the effort!

Daniel Jenkins

ANU Students' Association

First Term General Meeting No 2

Thursday 21st March

1 PM

Manning Clark 1

Business:

1. Announcements and Apologies.
2. Minutes of the SA Meeting held on 14 March 1995 will be circulated.
3. President's Report.
4. Election to Committees (nominations having closed on 14th March).
 - three (3) members of the Clubs and Societies Committee.
 - Chair of the Education Committee.
 - five (5) members of the Education Committee.
 - Chair of the Welfare Committee.
 - four (4) members of the Welfare Committee.
 - one (1) member of the Finance Committee.
 - one Environment Officer.
5. Election to the SRC.
 - Nominations for the vacant position of Science Representative will be called for and a ballot conducted. Only Science students may nominate and vote.
6. Motion: That the 1996 SA budget, as amended, be passed.
7. Question Time.
8. Any Other Business.

rant and rave

On the GSF late fee

Hands up if you paid the \$75 GSF late fee this year. Yeah, you're not the only one. It appears that some of the faceless suits that the ANU has been so keen to recruit of late have discovered another tidy little gold mine in the Registrar's division. Last year, and in previous years, all it took to get an extension on your GSF payments (and let's face it, \$180 is not always that easy to come by) was a simple request and your signature on the bottom of a request form. This is no longer true. It seems that the staff on the Enrolments and Fees counter have started to say no. Now while it is important to remember that the staff on the counter have no hand in formulating these policies, there is no reason for you to take a flat 'no' as a reasonable answer. To understand why the Registrar's Division is

being so inflexible over the late fee this year, it's necessary to look into both the makeup of the GSF fee and the extent of the funding crisis currently affecting all Australian universities.

The GSF fee is essential to the continuation of autonomous student organisations that provide services, welfare and representation to all students. It goes into a wide range of things such as student canteens, campaigns, sports, bars, welfare services and personnel. The late fee, however, goes straight into the Registrar's Administrative budget, which campus legend would have us believe sports a hole the size of the Horsehead Nebula.

Following this train of thought one may be led to believe that the Registrar's division is so disproportionately keen to have students pay the (exorbitant) late fee because it

props up their shoddy budgets.

Speaking of shoddy budgets, the whole university is (or so the administration claims) staggering under the double whammy of debt and reduced funding. So much so that budgetary cannibalism is becoming the order of the day. This is going to get worse and it will mean a continuation of trends that have already seen larger tutes and classes, more expensive bricks, and lecturers in some departments reduced to begging money in class from students so that they can do a handful of photocopies during the course. What the administration should understand though, is that while students sympathise with the tougher financial climate within universities, the petty pilfering of funds that should be directed towards student organisations is just not on.

So what's the solution? Simple - instead of allowing the late fee to be thieved from the GSF pool, it should be doubled back into the GSF fund. This would solve two problems. It would stop the bloody minded pursuit of a few extra quid for the sake of it, and it would return the decisions about the payment schedule and the appropriate GSF level to the GSF committee where it belongs.

On cancelled lectures, pickets etc.:

Got the shits with the bans placed by the staff on campus? So get over it. The staff knocked back a pay rise earlier this year because of concerns that the universities would have to be gutted to fund it. The 'loan for wages' proposal that was put before staff would have seen distinctly worse conditions for

students at all universities in both the short and medium term. Combined with worries of involuntary redundancies, the problem of the declining quality of education due to funding shortfalls was enough to ensure that staff voted against taking the money and running. So the next time your class is cancelled or the photocopier in the library doesn't work due to maintenance bans, just remember that the decision to take industrial action is not one taken lightly, and the staff also have the welfare of students in mind.

Bitter and Twisted



Endangered Bandicoots live at the tip

Imagine living out the rest of your life in a garbage tip. Well for the Eastern-barred Bandicoot (*Perameles gunnii*) the local Hamilton (Victoria) garbage tip provides the last refuge on the Australian mainland for this endangered marsupial.

In Australia there were thought to be 9 species of Bandicoot at the time of colonisation by westerners. Since then the distributions of most species have reduced dramatically and two species have become extinct. The Eastern-barred Bandicoot is one of the species that has suffered. In 1988 when intensive studies began on this population, 200-250 animals existed at the Hamilton tip and surrounding areas. Over the next 5 years the species' distribution

declined by more than 25% per year, and there was a corresponding decrease in animal abundance. By 1995 there was thought to be far less than 50 animals at Hamilton.

Lack of reproduction does not appear to be a problem for this Bandicoot as they are sexually mature at a remarkable 3-5 months. They have the shortest gestation of all mammals, being only 12 days, and they can give birth immediately after weaning the last litter. 2-3 young are the most common litter sizes, so it is possible for females to have around 10-15 young each year. Drought is the only thing which slows down the reproductive rate of the Eastern-barred Bandicoot.

So why has the population

decreased so dramatically?

Agriculture, introduced predators and cars are thought to be the main reasons for the decline. Agriculture and the spread of introduced grasslands may have changed the Bandicoot's diet. However the Eastern-barred Bandicoot seems to be a generalist feeder, eating any invertebrates it can get. Worms, caterpillars, moths, snails, grasshoppers and crickets are the major foods, but they also will eat berries and tubers. It is believed that agriculture, and heavy grazing in particular, reduced the height of the grasses which provided cover for the animals, thereby increasing the risk of predation. Juveniles which have just left the mothers pouch suffer the most from predation by cats

and foxes. Bandicoots only live for two years so it is necessary to have large numbers of juveniles surviving to replace the dying adults. Cars are also a major killer with up to 60% of all known deaths being from motor vehicles.

To stop the population on the mainland from going extinct, an action plan was set up in the late 1980's. Fox and cat control was targeted and some habitat restoration work was carried out. Eastern-barred Bandicoots also occur in Tasmania, in reasonable numbers, so it was thought that some of these animals could be used to supplement the reduced mainland population. However genetic studies have shown the two populations to be quite distinct, and the Tasmanian population are

now considered, by many, to be a separate subspecies. As a consequence a number of unrelated Bandicoots from the already reduced Hamilton population were selected for captive breeding. This substantially reduced the wild population and increased its risk of extinction. However the lack of predators and cars meant the captive population increased quickly and by 1993 there were over 350 in captivity. Suitable Bandicoot habitat has been selected and fenced to exclude predators and the reintroduction of Bandicoots into these semi-natural areas is now occurring.

Benj Whitworth

nacho boy

Nerds of a feather

Praise be to ROM! At long last the impossible has happened - like denim flares and polyester shirts coming back into fashion, having been a nerd in school is now something to boast about at acrid smoke filled art (house) school parties. At least that's what Douglas Coupeland, Mr Generation X himself, would have us believe. If it's true then I wait with mixed feelings for the day when it becomes cool to be a geek in the here and now of our only mildly curved spacetime. For those of us who aren't Bill Gates (read loaded with squillions) that is.

Yes, this sudden acceptance after years of parody and abuse (Revenge of the Nerds ad infinitum, oh the shame) comes with a host of qualifiers: we shall accept and glorify you so long as you are

i) no longer a nerd. It was cool to be one in a previous life (i.e.

high school), but pen holders and long socks are NOT acceptable in good company despite all claims to the contrary.

ii) on the fringe in some way. Wild hair, eccentric clothes, body piercings and tattoos (Windows95™ four coloured box logo tats are the ultimate in hip). This may all be well and good, but the question I keep asking my sisters and brothers in CyberGeekdom is this: do we really want to be popular (culture)? Having become engulfed by the mainstream have we surrendered our souls (and CPU's) to this miasma of mediocrity and mundanity? Nirvana and Pearl Jam have found themselves paying the price for the popularisation of grunge - trying to keep themselves true to their inner vision has led to shotguns, MTV and commer-

cial radio stations. So this is my manifesto:

Nerds - remain true to yourselves. Remain true to the individualistic traditions of cybergeekdom; wear what you want, attend all (or no) lectures, write Emacs scripts in lisp, learn Java, clone your sisters best friend. Do not get sucked in by the oh so easy university promise of alcoholic friendship binges with the popular gods, the bar-slug psuedo popularity effect I call it. You will only be looking at a hangover. Before you know it they'll be wanting you to do their maths assignment for you. Tanstaaf. Be proud of who you are and scream it from the rooftops.

Remember, the computer is your friend.

Surrender? Never.

Nacho Boy

SCUNA
in support of the 47th Intersvarsity
Choral Festival, presents a:

Quiz

Night

Saturday 30th March at 7:30pm

**Copland GO31 (check Union Court
for directions on the night)**

Prices: \$10 Adult/ \$5 Concession

Teams of maximum 4 people

First prize: 20% of total entrance fees

Enquiries: Liz on 2512889 or 019 329 664

**Profits help fund the Intersvarsity Choral
Festival**

Out on a limb

I was driving home the other night (I forget what from) when I started thinking, "Hey this road hasn't changed much since Saturday night." I pulled into a petrol station and another thought struck me "The price of petrol is somewhat similar to what it was last week". I got home, and I don't know if I was relieved to find that my front door key still fit the lock. OK, so who gives a fuck. Well my point is that we're now governed by a Liberal-National coalition, whereas for the last thirteen years we've been governed by the Labor Party. Wouldn't you expect a difference? Well it may come as no surprise to anyone, that treally we've replaced one balding middle-aged man with another. I mean I guess the last guy was a bit more arrogant than most, and the new guy is a bit more boring, and God knows the Nats are just a fair bit more stupid, but nothing's changed.

And so I'm reminded of the bar slug, the Thursday before the election. I was talking to a friend of mine, who is unashamedly a Liberal Party supporter, in spite of being a student, and fairly bright. I asked her about her chances with a young man who is a bit attractive, and seemed like a bit of a match. She replied "No, he's too much of a lefty." I guess I took this as a bit of a joke, what with a Federal election coming the old rivalries float to the surface. So I said, "No really, how about him?" and came the reply, more pronounced. "No, he's too much of a lefty." Say what? She was serious! I couldn't believe it. She went on to admit, hypothetically, that if he were to convert to the right, then he'd be a fine specimen. "So," I probed, "just say he was the last guy on the planet, and you were the last female; the last two humans. What then?" and sure enough, like a political policy the reply came back as boring as ever, "He's too much of a lefty!" Much more insistent this time. The discussion went on to be more deadly from here, because I can see the point, say with religious differences, why a relationship may not last, but for fuck's sake, politics isn't that important. In its pure form, it doesn't provide you with food and shelter, it doesn't even offer you a secure afterlife, as some esoteric beliefs do. The tragedy is, you've gotta keep your eye on it, or else it will really fuck you over, but it really shouldn't be your main focus. If it came down to the last two people on the planet, ideology, and party politics would be irrelevant. And like I said, there's no difference between the two main parties anyhow; since last Saturday I haven't noticed anything new about the world, except a few gloating liberals.

OK, enough about politics. What I wanna know is how much of humankind has not been killed in it's sleep and replaced by businessmen? How much? The other day I'm out waiting at a red light, and I see this mini-bus cross at the intersection, you know, perpendicular to me. In it, was a whole bunch of senior citizens, obviously all from a retirement home, or something, I assumed. After the first mini-bus came a second, exactly the same, again filled with senior citizens. "Must be a big collective event" I thought. Then I noticed on the side of those mini-buses the words "Totalcare Industries". OK, here's a humanity test for you (Law and Eco students, you'll have a better chance if you guess). What is wrong here? Two mini-buses... a bunch of retired people out to enjoy the weather and get a change of scenery, a picnic in the woods, what could be nicer?

Since when has looking after the old in our society, become an industry? Don't you connect the word "industry" with quotas, efficiency and profit? What does the brochure say? "We manage your surplus/outmoded human resources, with a smile." All of a sudden my mind was filled with foreboding, as little switches began to fall into place. Suppose these people were no longer viable. Were they being driven off to the knacker's yard, or to a Ray Martin studio audience? What was happening to them? Suddenly a trip to the woods took on a whole new meaning for me. I recalled where I'd seen "Totalcare Industries" before... on the side of private garbage trucks, and the like. I could imagine children of the future digging in their backyard, on property built on a land fill, and meeting their great aunt Mavis or something.

Totalcare fucking Industries. Are we supposed to be grateful that at least it isn't patronising?

OK, finally, what about the voucher carpark next to the Hancock Library? They've just spent lots of money sealing up the driveways there, but at the time of printing we are still privileged enough to park on the unmarked gravel. Christ, aren't we sick of rolling up to that park and finding five cars parked in such away that they take up eighteen or nineteen fucking spots? Here's an idea, why don't you Buildings and Grounds intellectuals seal the entire place, and mark out car parking zones. Yes! What a concept. At least then it'd be worth while for us to wash our vehicles. It is such an amazing idea it takes a tree-dwelling amphibian to think of it?

Tree-Frog.

amnesty international

The ANU Ski Club AGM is being held on Tuesday 26th March at 6pm. Starting with free gourmet pizza at The Wedge and progressing to the Private Bin for a free keg and sorted raffle prizes. Members are free and all others are welcome to join. Any questions please call Emma on 2575534 or Jolie on 2473526

law students society

anu ski club

Garden Party

The Law Students' Society is holding its first function of the year: a Garden Party, on the lawns of the law school, in a huge marquee. There will be music and fairy lights. The subsidised price of \$8.50 for members includes all drinks and catered food. Tickets are available from the front office. See you there.

clubs and societies

anu film group

Screenings

Fri 22 March at 8pm - Swinger plus Seven plus Copycat
Sat 23 March at 8pm - Three Colours Trilogy: Blue, White and Red
Tuesday 26 March at 8pm - Audacious plus The Bridges of Madison County
Thursday 28 March at 8pm - Clueless
Friday 29 March at 8pm - Death and the Maiden plus Knife in the Water
Sunday 31 March at 1:30pm - Hotel Sorrento plus Dad and Dave
Tuesday 2 April at 8pm - The Brothers McMullen
Wednesday 3 April at 8pm - Pocahontas
Tuesday 9 April at 8pm - From Russia With Love

Proudly sponsored by the RSL Club in Moore St and the University Co-op Credit Union
The ANU Footy Club is seeking players of all standards for three teams in the Canberra District League. ANU First Grade have been premiers for the last three years, and are keen to pick up four in a row by taking out the 1996 premiership.

The club fields three teams, from the awesomely talented first grade combination to the rag tag combination of third grade. Despite wide differences in standards, the entire club enjoys a good social atmosphere, with formal functions and after game piss ups at the RSL Club in Moore Street, the famed "Four P" night, a gambling night, and the Annual ANU Talent Night, where such talents as The Three Tenors (Dave Dwyer, Richard Niven and Jens Light), Mel Gibson and Led Zeppelin got their start.

So if you take your footy seriously, or want to come down and have a bit of a kick, come along to Fellows Oval (next to Chifley Library) at 6pm on Tuesdays or Thursdays, or give Ben Harris a ring on 296 2493.

anu australian football club

Socialist Alternative meets every Thursday during term at 1pm in HA G040. The next meeting is on Thursday 21 March, called "Workers and Students - Can we Beat the Liberals?"

If you're interested in discussing the ideas of socialism and want to fight the conservatives in our society, come along to the regular Socialist Alternative meetings on Thursdays at 1pm in HA G040

For more information contact John Passant on extension 4217

socialist alternative

An explanation

It is in O-Week that I truly find myself in my natural element. It is a week of hedonistic abandon, given sufficient funds, and I guarantee you that I saved enough during the summer to make the most of it. There are certain elements of my O-Week that I can relate to you and that you will be able to understand, and probably even identify with - night blending into afternoon and then night again, comfortably blurred by alcohol; the good company of familiar friends and the excitement and dread of making new ones; the seemingly pre-destined darkness-enshrouded encounters with undeniable youthful reproductive biochemistry, and then the morning after; the sleep deprivation and the bad nutrition shoved aside by an irresistible urge to *just keep going*... These things are all a part of O-Week for anyone seriously tackling the Debauchery Challenge. However, O-Week for me this year was more than just a string of cliches from a John Hughes movie. Would you believe it was a sort of revelation? Let me explain.

Giving my O-Week a detailed retrospective for an audience would be like a jock trying to re-tell a story of past sporting glory to a group of computer geeks - they don't understand the feeling the jock is trying to convey because they have never felt it, but what's worse, they don't even understand the context. Everyone has their own O-week experiences, but if I were to recount most of mine to you, their significance would be lost in the translation since they meant so much more to me than just typical drunken partying - they were the manifestation of a change within me that I had long been deluding myself had already occurred. During O-Week this year I discovered the new homeland at the end of a long migration: the comfort of true belief in the self - the culmination of a pilgrimage to confidence that took over 21 years.

A tale

There were many events in O-Week that led me to the knowledge that I had *arrived*, not the least of which involved jumping totally naked off the 10 metre board of the Civic pool diving tower in the dead of night. However, while I knew that things had changed in me, there was still one test that I had to endure in order to legitimately take my place in the ranks of the whole, and it is the one event that I will recount to you. It began when the small smoky-grey envelope arrived at my abode, slipped under the door.

Ordinarily I greeted the arrival of grey hand-delivered mail with warm anticipation, and this time was no exception. The invitation within was usually a ticket to the bizarre and unusual, more like the appearance of a new land atop the Faraway Tree than a trip to the Twilight Zone. However, upon reading the missive this time, my anticipation turned to sour fear for this was not a *request* to attend *The Inn of the Grey Table*, but a *command*. I had only ever gone there as a member, one of the crowd of odd characters that fills the place to enjoy each other's peculiarity, but this time I was to be the central attraction. My membership was to be put on trial and the charge was "a possible breach of personal integrity, betrayal of essential character". There was no choice but to attend since not to do so would have been to validate the charge, so I called my Associate and we arranged to meet at this month's arrival point for the *Inn* late on Friday night.

At the moment I cannot describe to you in detail the nuances of the *Grey Table* due to space constraints, but all you have to know at this time is that it is nothing like *Cheers* but more a place that pulls together an ethereal brotherhood - those who have *seen the grey*. Rest assured that I shall tell you more at a later date. Anyway, the time for my trial came, and I met my Associate outside the most recent entrance to the *Table*. My Associate is a 6'2", 98kg Papua New Guinean-Croatian with jerry-curl hair and a baby face, usually more a lover than a fighter but quite capable of both. But that night his expression was menacing as he addressed me.

"Man, you got yourself in some shit this time... we both know you piss a lot of people off, but what'd you do to stir *these* people?" I felt nervous inside but at the same time strangely calm as I held his accusing stare. "Some people could see it as a sell-out I guess... all I did was change, man - for the better."

"Nothin' else," he started to grin, "no kidnapping people's relatives or spiking their dinner parties with mescaline?"

"Nope, I just found myself man." I grinned back at him and he looked relieved if not relaxed.

"Just the same, we may have to fight our way outta here. Did you bring what I asked?" My Associate patted his heavy black greatcoat and nodded.

"Okay, then..." I turned to the entrance, a grey-painted almost horizontal double-hatch that resembled an American hurricane shelter, lifted one side and started down stairs lit grey by a high 3-day waning moon in the cloudless sky. "Let's go meet me..."

To be continued.
Ashes of the burning Phoenix.

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literary society

At the moment we are organising "Narcissus"; the literary magazine of the ANU (absolutely student run). We encourage people interested in publishing, editing, writing, reviews, artwork etc to bring their talents so we can exploit them. Come to the fortnightly meetings in the Unibar (Ref end) 5pm on Thursdays (after Austudy pay day). Send us your poetry, fiction, artwork, reviews; Narcissus, c/-The English Dept., ANU ,0200 Watch out for events and publications. Our next deadline is the 26th April. All information is posted in the Milgate Room (English Department) or call 2421915 (ah) p.s The next meeting will be on Wednesday 27th March 5pm. Subsequent meeting will be Thursday two weeks later (April 11 at the usual time)

A club for Italophiles. We show Italian films, hold Italian conversation groups and wave our hands about and eat a lot of pasta all the while spearheading the media deconstruction of racial stereotypes. Did I just contradict myself? Find us on <http://online.anu.edu.au/mel/itnew/text/boot.html> or our student page currently under construction http://student.anu.edu.au:80/Clubs/Magic_Boot_Club_Inc.

magic boot club

Naturally Connected is a group of people who share a common concern about the environment. What do we do? Well, for a start, we share information with other groups through seminars. On Wednesday 17th April at 7:45pm Doug Cocks will speak about the issues he addresses in his new book about Australia's population policy. An open discussion will follow. Hopefully we will be able to provide transport to the venue. If you're interested, contact us at c9300189@student.anu.edu.au.

naturally connected

clubs and societies

anu navigators

We are one of the student Christian groups on campus. As friends, we try to encourage and support each other, as we each pursue our own relationship with God. You'll also find us trying different ways to meaningfully share our faith within the broader student community. We have dinner together on Wednesday nights, and usually toss around a topic of interest, whilst checking out what the Bible has to say about it. Over the coming weeks we will be looking at different aspects of God: "Who is this God anyway?" Why not check us out? For more information: ph evenings 293 4697 (David) or 299 4906 (Kylie); ph daytime 248 7818 (William) or 288 5117 (Dave)

Free Easter Breakfast, Monday April 1st at 10:00 am in the Rapunzel Room
Come and see the Women's Space at ANU - join us for breakfast in the Rapunzel Room (located on the Ground floor of the Crisp Building) While you are there, you can find out the 24 hour access code for the room and meet some of the other women on campus.

rapunzel room

Women on Campus meetings provide an opportunity for women to meet each other, share thoughts and experiences, and inform each other about events on campus and in the wider community. Meetings are informal and all ANU women are welcome. Meeting times are decided by the group each semester, so look out for notices in Woroni and the Rapunzel Room

women on campus

ANU Women's Soccer Club is looking for enthusiastic girls to join its championship winning teams. Come along to training as a fun way to get fit and meet new people. Bring a water bottle, sunscreen, shin pads and football boots. Pre-season training is at Willows Oval (corner North Rd and Barry Dr) on Saturdays from 10 to 12 noon, changing to Tuesday and Thursday nights from April. The season commences from 14 April to mid September and games are played on Sunday mornings, ANUWSC's fee is \$15 for students while the Sports Union fee is included in the Students' General Services Fee (bring your uni I.D) Any questions? Ring Gayle on 254 3747, Sue on 291 0797 or Giorgina on 2411666.

anu women's soccer club



Pricks To The Mall

Prick Harness burst onto the scene like a watermelon straight out of Satan's microwave in 1989. It comes as no surprise to most that the boys learnt to play their instruments while they were on stage doing gigs, and also discovered a growing desire to wear feminine attire. Their mission to save Canberra from itself has continued almost unscathed to the present day, but, unfortunately they can play the instruments just fine now.

I travelled with the tight track-suited duo to a place they call home... Belconnen Mall.

Christ: Apparently you losers went to the Edinburgh Festival, can you impress me with the details?

Geoff: Basically what happened with Edinburgh is we went over and did quite an excellent show...

Mike: It was fuckin' great: we had a lovely time...

G: What happened in lieu was that we got very bored of talking about it, and we therefore placed a bit of a media ban on it. The only question we were asked for some time after the return was "how was Edinburgh?"

M: I actually dismembered a few journalists who sought to procure more information about the festival... I mean we had a lovely time, but we don't like to dwell on the good things, we prefer to dwell on the bad. Like when we had a really fucked time in Indone-

sia, it was fuckin' awful...

G: The show we took to Edinburgh was very much a theatre show and there was not a great deal of rock and roll which we love. So we thought we'd lay it for a while and get back into the rock and roll, and basically develop a technique of melding the two and that brings us to where we are with Whopper. So people can expect a seamless blend of comic farce and searing rock and roll in our up coming shows... same guys different haircuts.



C: So you have a new bass player, tell us a bit about the new recruit.

M: Well, Ben, is a very good looking young man, which was a the number one criterion but we'd also seen his fingers work in numerous outfits around Canberra and we new he could take on the responsibility. It was largely his facial expressions which really won the day.

G: Yeah. I liked his face too, quite malleable...

M: And also Ben continues to...

G: Michael, don't try and hold the walkman... I was put in charge, Christian said I'm holding it, okay? You've got Angelo (a fluffy toy), just play with him.

[after a bit of a scrag we continued on our journey]

M: Ben continues the tradition of our third member being three times as good a musician as us. After doing ten gigs max, he's already looking pretty bored.

C: Is that why they always leave?

M: Generally they find us to be a cultural desert, we don't move on, we dwell in the 11 to 12 year old humour...

G: We still find bums incredibly funny...

M: Bums are funny, I don't think we'll ever get over that one.

C: Do you ever feel like you are being followed by the CIA?

M: Yeah, there's a guy in town I suspect is a deep cover operative, you might have seen him wearing cardboard boxes over his head and what you might not know is that he is my brother's godfather. New Idea wanted to



pay thousands for that scoop...

G: Mike knew that he couldn't offer it to New Idea because Drago or the emperor of fashion as he's sometimes known, would come down on mike like a ton of bricks. He may look like a street walker but he's pretty high up...

M: He knows Scully and Moulder.

C: Well Belconnen Mall towers above us now, it's quite an awesome sight isn't it?

M: This mall was constructed in the renaissance period of malls, we're talking an early to mid eighties mall here. You'd be pretty hard pressed to improve on this little baby.

C: So can you tell me a bit about the mall's reputed links with our alien past?

G: Its always been one of the world's hotspots for UFO landings and abductions. There are about 8 spots around the world like this, and when you join them together it forms kind of a psychic shell around the planet. This is how the aliens used to communicate and travel between these centres. There are actually two in the Belconnen area as Kippax Fair is another one, scientists really don't know why there are two so closed together.

C: First stop, Clint's Crazy bargains.

M: Clint's is a really down to earth place,

there are no pretentious here, no one's better than anyone else, everybody gets shit. Bad food, bad toilet paper, bad brooms... its the lack of quality that brings everyone together.

C: Have you seen Bambi Meets Godzilla?

G: Yep, I liked it. The animation was a bit wobbly, but I like that. There is also a version of it polished up, the pros got there hands on it and did it really shmicko. But like the other one, its raw and encapsulates the mood better.

C: So you don't go for the corporate undertones in your artwork?

G: Oh no, I go for them completely as long as I get a lot of money I don't care.

G: Darrell Lea is a nice place, with a unique odour...

C: What is that smell?

G: It's actually Darrell's own body odour...

M: 'Cos he's got to be out the back making the sweets all the time, he doesn't get a chance to wash. And when he's not here he's rushing over to the one in Woden.

People don't realise that they just see the glossy facade, they don't realise the responsibility of being Darrel. You have to put icing on things, put the freckles on and wrap things up. And who's going to price things, not Karen, that's for sure.

G: But Cherol does it...

M: Cherol's good but she takes orders directly from big Daz.

C: Do you think the mall represents a culture of over indulgence?

G: I think people are basically underestimating their limits, its not about getting fatter but about, meeting our potential. And our potential is to all be 22 stone...

M: Definitely, all these people hanging around the 9-10 stone mark, ...

G: Mike what I'm suggesting is that as an archaeological sight Belconnen Mall provides evidence that the aliens that came down to earth here were very fat and had a lot of channels on TV, and that's where we're headed as a race, we are evolving into our predecessors... we are going to get fatter,

we're going to get balder and we're going to get more channels on telly.

M: I think we have to take away the negative connotations of being obese and watching a lot of TV.

C: So what's on the



horizon for P. Harness?

G: We have a new EP coming out called "Tee You Double Eff... TUFF" and that's about all really.

C: Do you like the whole idea of society being prepared, from behind the curtains, for some eventual date with destiny, be it meeting with aliens or a joining of the third and fourth dimensions?

G: Yeah, I like that.

M: Yes, me too.

Christ

J.U.M.P

Love City Groove

I remember a teacher once scowling at me and saying, "I have a bone to pick with you young man". It scared the twelve year old shit out of me. Ever since, that phrase has lurked in the back of my mind, waiting for that sweet vengeful moment when I could turn it on another.

Anyway, Love City Groove... I have a bone to pick with you. (Come to think of it, it doesn't sound so ominous anymore):

bone #1 — The last thing the world wants

to hear is another "jump" song, especially one with that eternally irritating lyric "wave your hands in the air". I don't know about anybody else, but when I hear "jump" in a song I immediately think of Kris Kross and shudder, its not an association I think any band wants to encourage.

bone #2 — While LCG happily sing away they are obviously referring to the everyday meaning of jump and there is no explanation of the fact that the title of the single suggests

that there is some spooky hidden meaning. I know it seems like a pedantic point, and it is you're right, I'm sorry, I'll try not to do it again.

bone #3 — The first mix of this song on the single is, despite some of the above irritations, quite a catchy rap/R&B tune overlaid with a simple reggae riff. The second mix starts out with a house beat and I thought "hey, these guys are actually going to make each song on the CD single sound

different. However, after 30 seconds of intro the reggae riff kicks in and we're back with "jump up, jump up everybody jump up... coz you know you can't stop". I could stop alright.

bone #4 - That simple reggae riff I mentioned starts to really grate by the fourth mix. I suppose if you got the album you would only have to hear it once... that's some consolation.

Christ



classic crap

Welcome to the second installment of Classic Crap. In this brief piece the reader will hopefully (or unfortunately) gain some small insight into the inner workings of my mind. Although my background will remain secret until the end of time, I will say that my life has had two key influences: alcohol and graphic violence. Having said this I will now present my favourite film, novel and recording of all time although not necessarily in that order.

Hardware

This little known film features one of the best soundtracks I have ever encountered in a motion picture. With Motorhead, Ministry and Public Image to name but three bands on the soundtrack one can see the potency (and volume) of the lineup. The story is set on Christmas day in a post holocaust America where it is always sweltering and people are getting weird illnesses from the high levels of radiation that is present everywhere. The lead character, Moses buys a dismembered droid as a Chrissie present for his sculptor girlfriend. The droid happens to be the latest prototype in population control

and proceeds to reassemble itself and depopulate the film. The action sequences are absolutely stunning as are the special effects (the anatomical detail of someone who is cut in half by a steel security door being but one example). The film also features cameo appearances by Carl McCoy of the Fields of the Nephilim (a gothy type band), Lemmy from Motorhead (a non-gothy type band) and Iggy Pop. Another interesting thing about this film is that the whole thing is shot through a red filter to give a hot, bleak aura to the scenes. This film leaves one with a real feeling of the hopelessness of human existence and a wealth of dismemberment jokes. Well worth a look if you can find the uncut version.

All Our Yesterdays by Alien Sex Fiend

This is a compilation of the singles that ASF released in the mid to late '80's. Featuring such classic songs as "Drive My Rocket — Up Uranus", "I Walk the Line", "R.I.P." and many others this album showcases the talent of one of the world's most hardworking experimental bands. The musical style can be described as interesting and a little bit

different. Combining background humming (such as in "Ignore the Machine"), wailing guitar riffs, industrial style drumming and lyrics full of black humour (such as "My business is a little cloak and dagger/I drink so much I don't walk I merely stagger" from "I Walk the Line"), this album leaves the listener with the impression that this music was recorded by people on the wrong side of insanity. The accompanying photo of Nick Fiend only reinforces this feeling. People who like punk, industrial or who just want to listen to something completely different would really love this album.

Yep you guessed it; American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis

This book appeals to the super hero in me. Hasn't everyone at some time thought about leading a secret double life? Whether this involves wearing your underwear on the outside and wacking villains or merely nailgunning prostitutes to the floor and then filleting them is a choice for the individual. This book has seen a fair amount of controversy over the years since it was published in the early 90's. A lot of this came in the

aftermath of the Strathfield massacre in which the Celebrity Of The Week-to-be was reading this book in the coffee shop shortly before killing the woman at the front counter with a machete.

Whilst some people will no doubt be put off by this book it is a very effective and memorable comment on contemporary American society. The materialistic and faceless nature of the people that the main character interacts with and their unending search for drugs is very cleverly compared to the graphically described acts of sexual violence committed by this same individual.

Whilst I would not recommend this book to people with active imaginations, I will say that if the reader can look beyond the shocking details to the underlying message they will be very glad of having read this book.

Dismemberment and loud music, bizarre experimental whinings and graphic sexual violence have turned me into what I am today. I blame society.

Drunken Disgrace

Astral Freak Ben Arnold

When Kurt Cobain scrawled "corporate rock still sucks" on his t-shirt just before a Rolling Stone photo opportunity, this is the sort of stuff he was thinking about. Artists created by the record executive to fill what they see as growth areas in the music market.

Ben, or Columbia, gives us the single "Astral Freak" off his new album "Almost Speechless", there's even a piccy of the cover

of the LP so you can see how it will look in your CD collection. It's very cool, there are Japanese cartoon characters surrounding the very scruffy and nonchalant Mr. Arnold on a white background. Unfortunately, he's wearing overalls with the bib folded down - I'm sorry Ben — very 1992.

OK, so enough ragging on the peripherals, what about the music? There's a moody

organ flowing through the three songs, mixed with Ben's laconic vocals it gives that Jamiroquai skinny white boy blues effect. Yes it is a good sound, but it does not bring anything to differentiate itself from the great seething mass of mediocre music out there, and as a result it just becomes a part of that ever growing mass.

The two other songs on the single were

recorded live the "Columbia Records Radio Hour", which sounds suspiciously like they play the master tape over the PA at Columbia while they're downloading the single onto a CD. That would explain the clapping at the end of each song - it's the record execs cooing over their new product like it was a shiny new 'better mousetrap' that everyone wanted to buy.

Christ

Heartworm Whipping Boy

I have been listening to this album for a while now trying to get a grip on my reactions. Is indie inherently evil? Will these bands ever stop seeping out of the UK like the suppurous discharge of some untended cut? Will they ever get more than one type of haircut?

These are my immediate reactions to Britpop, but for the sake of some sort of objective integrity I persevered beyond them and into the uncharted world of *appreciating indie music*. I'm not going to say that it didn't hurt, and I'm not going to say that I survived the process with all my faculties intact, but... I did it. Here's what I found:

once the cold sweats stopped and I gave up gnawing at the restraints preventing me from taking a baseball bat to the stereo, the room started to fill with a strange piercing white light, and then it happened. I could actually begin to distinguish the sound of Whipping Boy from the generic blob that I used to hear indie music as.

Brandishing my objective stick, I moved on through this strange plane of existence, forging my way through the mobs of skinny British white boys with mop hair, stepping over discarded Evian bottles and hats that had failed to keep pace with the fashion. Whipping boy's songs were even starting to

become separate entities in my head, the influences and nuances of their musical style was laid before me. "The Honeymoon is Over" (no not a Cruel Sea cover) revealed itself to me as a dark and Nick Cave-like tune with undertones of Morrissey. "Blinded" was a heavier mix of guitars which really jumped out from the surrounding tunes. "Personality" is a typical lilting indie ballad not without appeal. Then I heard the lyric: "I want to marry a personality, someone who looks just like Koo Stark", and it happened. The white light vanished and my skin was torn by a vicious wind that ripped through my mind and around my flat. I was babbling to myself,

encrusted in dried bodily fluids of every description, a strange smile hovered on my lips. And one of the Whipping Boys sang "I can't suppress these feelings any longer, you excite me, delight me, inspire me, drive me", that's crap I thought, and I was right.

Had I really experienced the phenomena that causes these bands to keep pouring out of Britain? Had I really referred to Morrissey without a derogatory comment or even a suppressed gag? Despite one or two shortfalls in the lyric writing department, was Whipping Boy actually any good? The answers seem to lie in that strange altered world...

Christ

Ammonia Mint 400

Naming the opening song after a stupid stuntman who attempted to jump his car over some ridiculous natural formation and died while waiting to make the attempt is either very funny or very tragic of Ammonia (I'm not sure how they intended it) on this their debut album. Oh yes. Ken Carter was the man. Incidentally I used to think the song was named after an equally dim-witted character in John Williamson's play, *The Removalists*. Anyway, that's neither here nor there.

Mint 400 (the name of the car race in the Hunter S. Thompson novel "Fear and

Loathing in Las Vegas") hits the mark for its intended audience. Hailing from Perth and lablemates with Silverchair on the thinly disguised Sony Multinational offshoot Murrur records (You see, to try and make afore mentioned bands appear to be really 'alternative' they have put them on this sub-label with a different name so that everyone doesn't think they are corporate rockers), this album reeks of the same

slick production and songwriting which took the lads from Newcastle to the top. In all fairness, and like Silverchair the songs are good. It's not a case of record company hype here. They do have ability. The first three songs; "Ken Carter", "Drugs" and "Sleepwalking" will all be familiar to those who listen to the Youth Network. "In a Box" was pulled from their debut EP and is equally

good. Catchy, hook-laden riffs and great sing along bits make Mint 400 a real commercial possibility. There seems to be at least two more singles in "Face Down" and "Suzi Q" which means this album will get a lot more radio play.

Having recently toured the US with Silverchair, they were astounded by the positive reaction; the audiences all knew the words to "Drugs" and the other popular songs. Mint 400 should sell well all around the world. If you like the songs you have heard on the radio, you will love Mint 400.

Phil Hall



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Died Pretty

Sold

The latest offering from this weathered Sydney band surely puts them back on the right track upon which they last tramped with their sensational album *Doughboy Hollow* about five years ago. That album gave us such highlights as "Sweetheart" and "D.C." which had Died Pretty poised to hit the big time. Unfortunate circumstances like a last minute cancellation of a US tour and a shaky album or two dimmed their stars.

As with past efforts, *Sold* is a very *big* sounding record. Their use of keyboards in addition to the standard guitar, bass and

drums formula certainly contributes to this. *Sold* also sees the addition of strings to various tracks. The almost straining, high-pitched cry of frontman Ron Peno gels well with the wash of keyboard and strings, and on other tracks where the guitar is not as loud in the mix, he sounds equally good. The large guitar/chorus tracks like "Good at Love", the title track "Sold" and "Stops and Starts" are catchy. "Slipaway" sounds like a You Am I song and the guitar scratchings on "Which Way to Go" sound very "Bull In the Heather" Sonic Youthish.

Produced and engineered by Wayne Connolly from The Welcome Mat and Knivel (who has produced many albums by the likes of You Am I and The Underground Lovers) and mixed in the Legendary Fort Apache studios in Boston, "Sold" has all the hallmarks of an indie classic. Added to that, the drumming duties have been shared by Shane Melder of Canberra's own Sidewinder and Nick Kennedy of Big Heavy Stuff. There are a lot of excellent songs on this record. It is very listenable, and for those who don't enjoy abrasive guitar bands, this is for you.

Phil Hall



Dog's Eye View

Happy Nowhere

...an acoustic guitar is strummed thoughtfully; slowly; a voice ponders above it editatively, slightly raw and defenceless. *Happy Nowhere* is *dog's eye view's* debut album, and it's dominated by acoustic guitar and lead singer and songwriter Peter Stuart's unsupported voice. The sound is sparse and lacking in depth of notes, but the music only improves because of this. The moodiness of the solo voice and guitar with bass and lean drumming is used to great effect by the band. The music is built around the solo songs of Peter Stuart and the other instruments accentuate his self-sufficient guitar playing. His voice wavers above and through the music like Adam Düritz of the

Counting Crows, and this is perhaps unsurprising given that he has had a close relationship with the Counting Crows in the past, opening shows for them on their world tour. In fact, *dog's eye view* sound a lot like the Counting Crows in several respects: lyrically, the vulnerability of a Counting Crow's song such as 'Round Here is recalled, but some of the bite is missing. Similarly, the melodies aren't as instantly beautiful as the Counting Crows, yet, they grow on you.

dog's eye view are no Counting Crows, but they are very good. From the quiet opening of the album, *I wish I was here* there is a sense of poignancy, that has enough flaws to be disconcerting, sometimes

songs begin well but fail to convince by the end: *Speed of Silence* is such a song, also *haywire*. But there are potential gems on the album too — *I wish I was here* is both melodic and poetic; *Would you be willing* is laidback and seems to find a balance between vocals and accompaniment that some other songs on the album fail to achieve. Perhaps this is because the rawness of Peter Stuart's voice is minimised and he drifts rather than struggles through the song. In other songs the struggle is completely appropriate.

Happy Nowhere is an admirable debut album. Here is a mix of songs that indicates that *dog's eye view* are a band who possess enough inspirational diversity to continue to

grow and please audiences without falling into a rut of similarity. Though some songs seem to blend into each other a little there are enough that stand out to make this album worth an investment. Especially if you like folk / grunge / acoustic rock (how's that for a specific genre?). No, check it out. Sony are flogging it off at a special new artists price, so it might even be more accessibly to the financially challenged amongst us. Or better still, try and get it free by entering in Woroni's competition to win it.

OJay

Frank Black

The Cult Of Ray

What a legacy this man has to live up to. Back when he was known as Black Francis he was the lead singer and guitarist for Boston's legendary "Pixies" who produced many lauded albums which have helped to define alternative music as we know it today.

The Cult of Ray is Frank Black's third solo outing and the Pixies sound still remains with him in part. In Frank's words, "The Cult of Ray" is about, "Geographic obsession, conspirational paranoia, genetic alterations pop culture and my frustration with it, lonely youth, universal violence, monsters, the pit,

etc." The album has both high and low points. Some seem to be a mess of bad lyrics and uninspiring, loud guitar while others are catchy, even sweet, like "I Don't Want to Hurt You (Every Single Time)". "Mosh Don't Pass the Guy" and "Dance War" are very punk while the curiously titled "Kicked in the Taco" and "The Adventure and the Resolution" are agreeable pop numbers.

Black describes recording the album, uncertain who will release it, and having to "pickle it for a distant date". When a deal was finally forthcoming and the executive

looked at the number of tracks he allegedly said, "Kid, making double albums is fine by us, but could you boil off some of the juice and give us something a bit more meaty?" Black alleges that after furious sessions of "boil, boil boil with a "young engineer the employment agency sent over without so much as a tambourine overdub(?!), the record was down to 13 tracks.

After singing about wanting to live in Los Angeles ("Not the one that's in South Patagonia/It's the one that's in South California") on his debut solo album, Black

appears to be living there now and it is in the city of angels that *The Cult of Ray* was recorded. This album seems to be very Californian. In parts brash and just too much of everything, and in others quiet sweet and harmonious. Such contrasts on the album are like the juxtaposition of the beautiful Napa wine country with the urban ghettos.

Stupid geographical comparisons aside for fans of The Pixies and Frank Black this is a must. For others it could prove quite a surprise.

Phil Hall

Seb

Sugar Shack

I picked up the CD... it was bright orange, covered with cartoon smiley-faced atoms whizzing around and equally happy guy - I assumed he was Seb - the creator of the techno confectionery before me. I wasn't sure whether to take it - there were a few other CDs there I could have reviewed - but

I picked it anyway. I've never really gotten into the whole techno/dancy/housy scene, so I thought it was about time I gave some a go.

I took it home, eager to sample ... pressed play ... it was O.K ... I started jumping around my living room. Five minutes passed

... yeah, it's alright, yeah, blippy and bloppy, but it's got potential, yeah ... hold on, why hasn't the tone changed? Is someone going to start singing? Hello? I'm getting bored here! It continued - six mixes of the one song, no melody change, no exploration. It was so unbelievably repetitive. Kinda like that

Tokyo Ghetto Pussy, but not even a singer for variation.

Sure *Sugar Shack* was happy and boppy and fun (for a while), it was also so repetitive I would definitely give it the thumbs down,

Blue Kate

Bailter Space Beam Down

"It's life Jim but not as we know it.

Put away your phasers everyone. Despite their spacey, out of this world sound, Bailter Space are from earth. They are a guitar band, but not as we know it. Originally from New Zealand, these purveyors of swirly soundscapes and rich sonic textures have spent the last three and a half years living in New York City. In fact their current tour is the first time in over two years that Bailter Space have been down to these parts.

Having been hailed from all quarters as up and coming underground stars, Bailter Space have continued to impress. A five year deal with the highly influential Matador label in New York which has released works from Liz Phair, Bettie Serviert, Guided by Voices and others, has no doubt boosted their profile. Their latest offering "Wammo", is fabbo. Their press release describes it as "Otherworldly, machine-age pop songs laden with the imagery and noise of techn-neuro interface and dense musical dreams of alien times." Boom-shanka! I'm not sure if I hear all of that in there but it certainly has an otherworldly character. The single "Retro" is about the cosmonauts stranded in space when the USSR was on the verge of splitting.

Despite its distinctive Bailter Space sound, "Wammo" has been described as a departure from previous works, a claim which guitarist/singer Alistair denies vigorously; "Well I always disagree with that. Its like, man, come on. We have brought out the melody a lot more say than some of our stuff on "Robot World" where everything was submerged. We also left a lot more space around the vocals as a mixing concept, but the rest of the buzzing noises and everything are still there."

The move from New Zealand to New York was partly born out of having a substantial following in Europe and the US, and being unable to afford the cost of frequent travel across the world to tour. Their move to one of the worlds biggest cities has also had positive benefits for their music; "It's been totally exciting to be able to shift as a band to another city. We decided to make it New York because we needed a northern hemisphere base and we had a record deal with Matador records in New York, so after a few visits there we decided to make it our base. We made touring around Europe and America our primary goal for a while. Now its taken us a few years to get back to this side of the world."

Alistair insists that it was a hard slog living in New York let alone competing with the enormous musical talent that city has to offer; "It's very tough. We don't have jobs outside of the band. Matador records sponsored us to get a work permit, and we employed an agency to fill in all of the paperwork and status was given to us. We then lived off anything we could and tried to find cheap rent, which is a struggle in New York City." Yet despite economic concerns, it didn't take long for Bailter Space to find their feet; "We seem to have fitted in pretty well in New York. We have received good reviews in the press and they have kind of adopted us as a New York band. After we were there for about seven or eight months we started getting photographs, reviews and what we were about as a musicians in The New York Times, Village Voice and the New York Press. They have gotten right behind the band which is great."

In New Zealand and here in Australia, Bailter Space are on the highly regarded Flying Nun label. It was Flying Nun that the band was originally signed to. "Flying Nun helped us get established because there was a

lot of interest in the label and the bands on it in The US and Europe. Also our history was with our teenage band The Gordons, and that album still sells around the world so we got a lot of fans from that as well."

Bailter Space made a triumphant return to their home over the summer with a wild appearance at the Auckland leg of the Big Day out. From all reports, the rain soaked crowd was worked into a frenzy and began "surfing towards the stage above the crowd on boards ripped from the perimeter. While they were back home, recording began for their next album. "We rented a studio in Auckland, wrote it in the studio, recorded it, mixed it, and jumped on a plane to Sydney. It sounds really good. It's got a real street feeling to it coming from our experience of living in a large city. Some of the songs have a sort of European street feel."

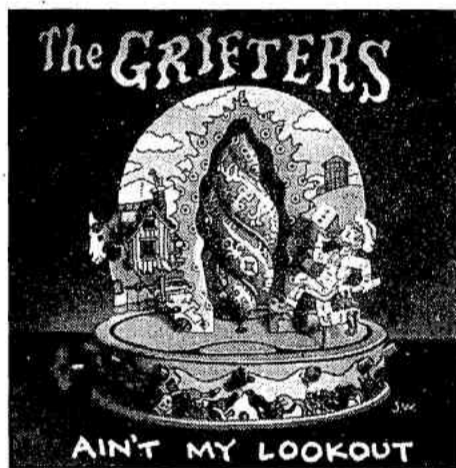
Sadly, Bailter Space are not coming to Canberra this time around, and by the time you read this they will have finished their Australian tour. Have no fear. There are copies of their three albums and the new single "Retro" available at Impact and Landspeed.

Phil Hall

The Grifters Ain't my Lookout

The latest offering from this Memphis four piece confirms their status as a premier 'lo-fi' band. Sounding somewhere between Pavement and Guided By Voices with distinct southern rawck undercurrents, The Grifters have produced a more polished sound on this record.

Ain't My Lookout was the first recording for the band on a major label (Sub Pop/Warners), a benefit of which was generous recording time at the prestigious Easley Studios. Instead of rushing through the process in four days, like with past efforts, the band spent three weeks putting it all together. Although the record is much clearer in its delivery, the songs remain undeniably Grifters songs; Basic guitar chord



progressions overlaid with interesting lead guitar noodles combined with slightly off key vocals and slanted lyrics. Grifters songs are not instantly accessible to those used to polished guitar pop, however it is upon repeated listening that the beauty and depth of *Ain't My Lookout* is brought to the surface. Songs which on first listen sounded like a jumbled mess of crap guitar and equally odd lyrics suddenly become hummable pop gems. This is where the strength of the so called 'lo-fi' movement lies. So many acts and record companies are preoccupied with making records sound so airbrushed and homogenised that any feeling or power in the music is extinguished. The Grifters bare bones approach to recording

and playing whereby the mistakes remain and the playing is loose brings out a richly textured sound with considerable depth.

"Mysterious Friends" with the hypnotic "Bop Bop" backing, "Boho/Alt" with the classic lyric "Jimmy brought a bad concussion from his past/ Shelly had the same thing tattooed on her ass" and the acoustic (with organ and feedback) "Return To Cinder" are all great while the very agreeable "Last Man Alive" provides one of the poppier moments on the album. Go to Landspeed and have a listen.

Phil Hall

pApAs fritAs

The debut effort from this Boston trio is an absolutely brilliant pop record. No record collection should be without a light, catchy pop album and pApAs fritAs are staking their claim that theirs should occupy that position in your collection. The band photo on the CD sleeve further endears you to these lovable dorks. White boys with afros and a cool female drummer all sleeping with their heads on cymbalst look incredibly peaceful and innocent.

pApAs fritAs, apparently meaning french

fries in Spanish, take a leaf out of the Jonathan Richman songbook to write instantly catchy songs with quirky, muffled drumbeats and suitably laid back guitar. The slow groove and syncopation of "Passion Play" the upbeat "My Revolution" and the agro-dressed-up-as-fun "Smash This World" hit the Spot. "Holiday", which should have been a radio hit, features handclaps and fuzzed guitars with an irresistible chorus. All of the vocals are pushed to the forefront of the mix which only embellish the great melodies. Although some of the songs have



sophisticated instrumentation like strings and other bits and pieces like organs, they are understated enough to maintain a minimalist feel.

The play on their name 'pop has freed us' is very apt. Where so many bands now are preoccupied with being loud and abrasive, pApAs fritAs seem content to be laid back and quiet. This album will make you want to skip down the road off into a cheery sunset. Too cool.

Phil Hall

Casino
Greater Union Cinema

Casino is Martin Scorsese's bitter-sweet eulogy to a modern wild-west when personalities, not corporations, ran Las Vegas. It is not, as one might expect, a mob meets Las Vegas flick, but a stunning study of the interpersonal power plays and passions of its three protagonists.

Sam 'Ace' Rothstein (Robert De Niro) is an infallible bookie chosen by the mob to be their front man at the Tangiers Hotel. To ensure the casino's takings he is partnered with Nicky Santoro (Joe Pesci), a mobster's mobster with an erratic flair for violence. Both these men form a partnership of another kind with a consummate hustler, Ginger McKenna, played by Sharon Stone. These guys are onto a good thing. They have money, they have success, they have influence, and above all they have power. But they also have greed, lots of it, and like many characters from Scorsese films before them, their story is one of failure and loss. Nicholas Pileggi's and Scorsese's screenplay opens dramatically to reveal the end. The fate of the film's players was always a foregone conclusion, but, as ever, Scorsese is intrigued in plotting their inevitable descent into

destruction.

Casino is full of dichotomies: De Niro's reserved and respectable Ace to Pesci's brusque and unnerving Nicky; the blinding lights of the casino floor to the shadowed dim of its backrooms; the rapid ascent of the characters' fortunes at the story's start to their ignoble demise by film's end. The turning point in the tragedy is Ginger's turning to alcoholism, a change which goes largely unexplained. This defect is in no way attributable to Stone's performance, which has



raised her own stakes in credibility and talent. The problem lies with Scorsese's continued avoidance of female characterisation.

This shortcoming is, however, more than compensated for by Scorsese's mastery of film craft. He knows how to set a scene and how to fine tune each element to produce a poetic balance which compounds the effect of each scene's components. The opening two reels of *Casino* is a complete immersion of the audience into the sights and sounds of 1970s Las Vegas. The songs used to underscore each scene are accurately

chosen and add verisimilitude to the film's ambience.

The lighting is especially impressive with a persistent motif of catching characters' hands in the light so that they shine as if glowing with white magician's gloves, an appropriate image for casino workers where it is a case of now you see your money, now you don't. In long-shots, spotlights are subtly used to direct the audience's attention to certain characters. The violence in the film is well judged, occurring sporadically for maximum effect with minimal exposure. That the audience is never sure when things will turn nasty heightens the tension of every scene.

Scorsese's *Casino* is more of an experience than a film, its narrative being not as important as the atmosphere. It is an expert piece of film-making from a man with superlative skills.

Michelle Cooper



Dead Man Walking
Electric Shadows

To see *Dead Man Walking* is to become intimate with death—to weigh it, cast it, count time with it, pull it in against you—and ask how much justice exists in a life? For in many parts of the world certain acts incur the death sentence, a sentence that silently crumbles the structures within our societies.

The first structure often to fall is that of the victim and his or her family. Torn from life the victim lies vacantly sprawled in a world that once supported them; now removed their injustice is taken up by others. The first quake of death hits the family, and in this film that level of inquiry is brilliantly analysed and acted out. Not only are the raging embers of a family revealed in all their force, but the tragic destructive hate shown as it tears and rends at the killer and at times devours itself and society's limits.

Society in capital punishment terms fells the next party, the killer or deviate, words of strength which encapsulate both the terms of crime and punishment. This falling of another societal wall or structure comes in the form of taking yet another human life, a point heatedly debateable, it is also silent. Silent for every person who has grown up against the death sentence, or in ignorance of laws past before or within their times, but live in a state, country or world that condones the legal killing of people for any reason and say nothing.

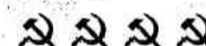
Yet *Dead Man Walking* treads like a clever ghost between such boring yes or no votes on the death sentence and leads one of society's most innocent and representative individuals into the debate, clearing the passion from both sides. Enter Sister Helen

Prejean (Susan Sarandon) real life entity and author of the book that is the film's story. This woman acts as the eyes and emotions for everyone in the capital punishment debate, for she stands astride of the chasm between life and death for killer Matthew Poncelet (Sean Penn), and is caught in the crossfire of rage and sorrow of all involved. These two actors interaction on the screen combined with the acting of both the victims and killers parents is so moving and acutely real, I felt people's lives really had been extinguished, while I and others had watched.

Dead Man Walking is simply complex, unfolding like a Russian doll, except with sorrow opening within sorrow without ending. The performances are brilliant and powerfully moving, while scripting and real

life vision cleverly access all sides of the debate. The film has already received best actor accolades at the Berlin Film Festival and been nominated for four Oscars, and has an incredibly moving and original soundtrack, many thanks to Bruce Springsteen. I believe the death sentence kills more than it saves, will you? For what I saw was a brutal unforgivable murder and base inhuman act, but then I witnessed a room in which unforgiven a person died. This act was wired and cloaked in simple departures, it was also inhumane, in its directness, so alienating it almost stole God from the chamber's air.

Robert Umphelby



Leaving Las Vegas
Center Cinema

A preliminary warning should be proffered to the insanely optimistic and ever happy regarding this movie. Leave your popcorn and your optimism at the door.

What is it like to be an alcoholic? What does it feel like to need alcohol more than you need life? These questions and infinitely more are addressed in *Leaving Las Vegas*. Director Mike Figgis takes as his subject the downward spiral of former Hollywood studio-yuppie Ben (Nicholas Cage). The possibilities for cliché and droll melodrama beckon temptingly in this storyline, as the drunk with nothing to live for hooks up with the hooker with a heart of gold. Figgis, however, approaches his task with impressive ingenuity not only avoiding a descent into glib hyperbole but producing a work of astonishing quality.

In Ben, Figgis and Cage collude brilliantly to produce the ultimate anti-hero. Ben is erratic, articulate and incredibly charismatic; he is also a pathetic shell of a human, driven only by his addiction. The

treatment of the Ben character and the way he is acted by Cage are what elevate this film above the recent plethora of 'moving' movies. *Leaving Las Vegas* shows a most un-Hollywood disregard for details. Motivation and causation are often completely absent as Figgis clouds his camera in an alcoholic mist, dragging the viewer into the mindset of the addicted. This is primarily the genius of *Leaving Las Vegas*, to see it is to experience first hand the kinds of emotions it addresses. The audience is paralysed, a sinking feeling dominates the stomach and yet all we can think is... we want more, we never want this terrific/terrible experience to end.

Leaving Las Vegas deals with existentialist themes in a way that digresses significantly from the novels of Sartre or Camus; questioning, hammering, clamouring to be heard and operating on a physical (read gut wrenching) level. Ben does not know why he drinks or when he started but accepts his condition with a stoic calmness that is truly unsettling. After losing his job he sells everything of value except his car and heads

for Las Vegas: His Objective? "To drink myself to death."

Vegas in this film represents the logical extension of American libertarian philosophy taken to its worst extreme. This is a place built on gambling, addiction and prostitution, where the morally degenerate prey mercilessly on the physically degenerate. Amongst this cess pit lives Sera (Elisabeth Shue) a prostitute stuck in the rut of Vegas life, unable to escape the control of her violent pimp (Julian Sands).

Cage is brilliant in what is the quintessential performance of the ruined man. His eyes are sunken, his free flowing wisecracks are a paper thin cover for his frightening carelessness. This is no act, Cage shows us a man completely uncaring about his own fate feeling totally the pointlessness of his future existence but lacking even the desire for suicide. Ben has ceased to live, he functions (and even so only barely). Cage's performance is amazing, his every word and motion dominates, he literally sucks life from the screen. To her credit Shue matches him for

quality (If not for presence). Sera's outward strength and bravado mask a fear that is totally lacking in Ben.

This is the film's tragedy, the absolute incompatibility of one who cares and one who no longer can. These two characters feel an intense attraction to one another yet their future seems established from the outset and ultimately after a period of emotional volatility the film ends in the only way it ever could. There is no tack-on Disney ending to this film. This is not about a triumph of the human spirit, contrarily it illustrates an astonishing fragility. As humans we are defined by how and what we believe, the terrible consequences of ceasing to believe are brought to life by Mike Figgis and his impressive cast. *Leaving Las Vegas* is a movie which means what it says and stays honest to the end. Perhaps this accounts for its abject brilliance.

Dan Silkstone



★★★★-Stunning
★★★Average
★Abysmal, Police

★★★★-Very special
★★-Poor, Forget It

A Little Midnight Magic

There is something mystic about late night television. Between the hours of eleven and six each night, something happens to brain chemistry and your whole vision of reality alters. Suddenly, television which would prove unpalatable at any other time mysteriously gains new appeal. There's failed soaps (both American and Australian), sitcoms galore, tit flicks, all those thousands of science fiction series, repeats of old Australian shows and the final series of shows that were once popular but fell from television-land's graces. And of course, the bastion of the early morning, Infotainment programs. And you know what, they're great! Add a little bit of chocolate, a blanket and a remote control (for the requisite channel surfing) and the most pitiful of shows is transformed into a viable evening's entertainment. Take David Letterman. Who would honestly

watch him if his show was on earlier than eleven? Even in America, a country unlikely to notice, or at least more likely to enjoy, his 'sense of humour' he's on no earlier than ten.

Back home in Australia, late night television can prove the highlight of a trying week. There is something truly liberating about watching a show you know is terrible and enjoying it anyway. Sure, if you're trying to watch one show in particular, last minute acrobatics which is late night scheduling can be a bit frustrating, but isn't the challenge of deciphering what the television guides say and what they mean part of the charm? To be honest, trying a little pot luck is often far more fun than using the Yellow Guide. And you don't have to be an insomniac to enjoy this experience — no all night essay run is complete without an infotainment session

and an American 'college' movie or two. A word of warning, though. At times the dim lighting and lack of sleep can get to you, and you might find yourself thinking 'You know, this isn't so bad. They should show this earlier'. If you allow yourself to continue down this path, before you know it, you'll be taping them to watch the next morning. This way disappointment lies. Take away the ambience of the wee hours of the morning and these shows generally hold little appeal. The real danger in this is that you'll find the midnight madness your mind naturally associates with these shows overflowing into daylight hours. Before you know it, you'll be watching repeats of *A Country Practice* in the afternoon, *Home and Away* in the early evening and, horror of horrors, *Central Park West* will have become a must see show. Perhaps a warning against video taping

should be played before such shows, just in case.

But now, thanks to modern technology, it is possible to be part of the late night experience twenty four hours a day. That's right, those blessed with a little black box with Galaxy emblazoned across its front can now watch the *A-Team*, *The Partridge Family* and Infotainment galore at times more convenient to themselves. But isn't this missing the point? What are these shows without their Fantasy Lane and Psychic Hotline adds? Personally, much as it's fun to speculate, I don't think I'm tempted. Without the midnight magic, I think these shows might just lose the special place they hold in my heart. I'd rather save a little money, lose a little sleep and keep my delusions alive.

Jessica Coates

The Debt To Pleasure



books ENTERTAINMENT

With this, his marvellously with first novel, John Lancaster has created a character who is by fits hilariously attractive and absolutely repulsive. Tarquin Winot, our narrator, takes us on a tour of France and its flavours, simultaneously dishing up a variety of morsels which constitute the more amusing episodes of his life, all introduced to the reader by way of seasonal menus. In what seems at the moment to be all the literary rage (Laura Esquivel's *Like Water for Chocolate* and Stephanie Alexander's *Stephanie's Seasons*), food is used as a

metaphor for, or perhaps the ultimate paradigm of, Western Civilisation and its fusion of art and nature. Indeed, Tarquin is almost a gastronomic Renaissance Man, drawing together under a culinary roof the various chambers of philosophy, art, literature, history and science.

The novel is primarily a comic character sketch of the supercilious and unabashedly snobbish Tarquin, but it is also a celebration of art, the countryside of Southern France and the beauty of language, not to mention being a highly "unconventional cookbook".

Our hero has an almost Austenian talent for irony, many of the book's most amusing passages being descriptions of his brother's (in Tarquin's view) excessively celebrated sculpture and somewhat coarse opinions and habits. However the plot is deceptively gentle in its early meanderings. About half-way through the novel the penny drops and one discovers that one is in fact embroiled in a sinister mystery story where art manifests itself in far more gruesome forms than the mere culinary.

Lancaster's richness of language and

dryness of wit make the book utterly delicious from beginning to end. Full of historical, artistic and literary allusions, the novel adds an element of playful intellectual challenge which makes the reader's mind run at the same highly-cultured pace of Tarquin's own. When the reader realises that suspense is thrown in as well, the book becomes unput-downable. A terrific read that keeps both the mind and the taste buds fully stimulated.

Sarah Gilbert

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pulp

What is it with the UFO nuts?

Why do all these weirdos dress up in rubber masks and hang out in California trying to attract aliens? Why do they, ENCOUNTERS magazine, Erich von Daniken and David ('Ask Me About "Red Shoe Diaries"') Duchovny's character on "The X Files" persistently try to get the attention of the little grey-skinned big-eyed Whitley-Streiber-harrassing space midgets?

Look: they've read the literature. They believe all the abduction stories. Why, then, do they keep signalling the saucer jockeys when they know (FOR A FACT) the following:

ALL YOU GET OUT OF MEETING E.T. THESE DAYS IS A THOROUGH BUTT-PROBING AND A MEMORY WIPE THAT DOESN'T WORK.

Watch "Communion" if you don't believe me.

That's also what I don't understand about this "Superior Galactic Civilization" crap. Sure, humanity doesn't have faster-than-light travel yet, we may have had a couple of nuclear close shaves in the past, but at least we've reached the stage of considering it common courtesy to ask permission of another sentient being before initiating the butt/hosepipe stage of a relationship. THAT is what superior civilizations are about (and if we haven't, we DO need that overhaul of sexual-harassment appeal procedures that our Fearless Leader and the rest of the Back to Basics people have promised us).

And don't give me any of that "Oh, but obviously they see us as animals" crap either. If they do see abduction and unspeakable experiments as just veterinary science, where are all the aliens protesting against it? Where are the bigheaded ET types waving placards reading "NO PROBE" and "BOYCOTT HUMAN TESTED COSMETICS"? (I leave to your imagination what sort of cosmetics would get tested like that - like the man said, "I wouldn't like to sit behind one in a cinema").

Kind of a sobering thought, isn't it: that five-note alien tune (that Francois Truffaut and the other governemnt nerds learned in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind") probably translates as "Bend Over".

Robin Short
Area 51, USA

Terminal Stupidity

This month's Terminal Stupidity award goes to the latest national joke; the Paxtons. Now let's see the South Mole Isl. debacle from their point of view - "a national television network current affairs program, renowned for their honest and non-sensationalist journalism, calls us up and says that we can have a resort holiday, and that all we have to do for it is allow them to film our tropical frolicking and a job interview for a job we don't have to take. Where's the down side?"

"Knock knock knock... anyone home McFly???" Now let's look at the down side - they've been thrown off their cushy commitment to the dole queue and become a source of national hate and ridicule. They are Australia's equivalent of Cato Calin, but they're not going to make a million from Hollywood and the gullible American people. Australians are cynical, vicious predators on anyone who insists on making an idiot of themselves in public, remember that. These people should make the centrefold of the Terminal Stupidity year-book.

Renaissance man

Thumbs down to bus drivers

Is there an easier and less stressful job in the world than driving a bus in Canberra? Let's see; for an average full-time salary of around \$40,000 you have to drive a bus on the best roads in the world with less than a quarter of passenger capacity on most routes, and for a bus company making an annual loss of over \$10 million. A 14% pay increase over 30 months with no productivity offsets? I think not!

Renaissance man

old and decreipt...

woroni 1966

SEX STILL OUT

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney said last night that he saw no likelihood at present of the Church alleviating its frigid attitude towards sex. While sex is for the masses, he said, it is still not for Catholics. We must learn to temper our natural urges by the desire to be chaste and by a firm adherence to the rhythm method.

Woroni Censured

Chris Blaxland moved a motion of censure on Woroni. He especially objected to Frug and Paranoid.

He said that he did not object to obscenity, but that Frug was of schoolboy level, and not worthy of a student paper. Paranoid, he added, was puerile, and he felt that the general level of editorial quality needed drastic improvement.

The motion was passed with one dissenting vote.

I think the saddest things I saw all holidays were those Toyota banners at the one-day cricket. You know the ones I mean - the ones that said "Steve Waugh Caught Behind" with a badly-drawn caricature of the man with a fishing hook in the back of his pants. Actually, that one looks like S J Perelman compared to some of the atrocities that were waved around by morons on national television.

Anyway, the saddest thing about those banners/posters/placards/whatever (not counting the creativity, or lack thereof, or the artistic capability shown by those who perpetrated them) was that you just knew they represented the crowning glory of some pathetic bugger's life. You could just see him sitting bolt upright in bed at 2 o'clock in the morning with sweat running down his forehead and this supernova of artistic inspiration burning in his brain, immediately rushing out to the garage with bedsheets and paint and working feverishly through the night a la Thomas Carlyle. Finally he sits back at dawn, wearied, paint-stained, and surveys his masterpiece: a stick figure with exaggerated moustache and gut waving some sort of deformed twig, and a slogan like "BOONY DRINKS LOTSA BEERS". Then he breaks down and cries, because he knows he will live in posterity forever. His contribution to the world of arts and letters is complete.

That is, assuming he's in it for posterity at all. Don't forget to squeeze in that nasty little Toyota sigil, whether it ruins the poster or not! Might win a PRIZE! Crass materialism? No sir!

And rivalling even that phenomenon for sheer awfulness was the music they put on before the ad segments during the Australian Open. There's another candidate for posterity, this time in the Musical Schools of Thought Hall of Fame. The Bach School. the Minimalists. The John Cage-type musical rebels. And the "Let's find some old 50's tune, or tribal music, or the sound of garage doors opening and closing, or some damn thing, and put a Techno Beat over it whether it belongs there or not!" school.

A techno beat over didgeridoos I can handle. A techno beat over "Carmina Burana" is Annoying. But when you put some half-assed drum machine pounding away under "Misirlou", you're DEAD.

Sir Pissed Off
Bowral, NSW

Behind the Face

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT

Our Mighty University's Den of Shame

by our investigative staff

It was revealed today that SA President William Mackerras, had yet to rule out selling crack cocaine from his office to cover budgetary shortfalls. The only logistical problem William sees with the move is the impact the crack shop will have on available office space in the SA.

One suggestion being bandied about is moving the C & S office to the men's toilets in the lower floor of the Dedman building. "This move befits the stature of the C & S committee" says William.

All this reshuffling of SA services is all well and good but it raises the question of special discounts for ANU students. King William insists that the crack house is to be a 'students only' service. "I do not approve of drug-fucked weirdos tripping out in the SA, unless of course they work here."

It seems that William is sticking to his campaign promise of 'keeping the voters happy'.



William Mackerras ... high on life?

Got anything to say?

If you think you can drop us a line on a hot story, or just like to have your views published we'd love to hear from you. Regardless of whether we print it or not we'll send you a cheque for \$100*.

"Behind the Face" is committed to the pursuit of truth accu-

BAN THIS FILTH!!!



Campaign to Censor sick "Adult" Magazine

Today saw the finalisation of plans to try and remove a smutty adult magazine from the ANU campus. Whilst there has been no comment from the editors of the magazine under fire, the moral majority have been less than silent. Spearheading the increasingly popular movement for banning Woroni is Nigel Jones, a mature-age Arts student majoring in Philosophy and Latin. "The student body has been subjected to this sort of pornography for too long and its time someone did something about it." says Jones.

We asked Nigel when he had decided to fight the powers that be and try to get Woroni banned. "Well, one afternoon I was sitting in a tute discussing Plato in relation to my ex-wife and my prior career in the public service when I noticed that no one was listening to me. As I looked

around the room, I saw that the majority of the students were in fact engrossed reading Woroni, a sick pornographic magazine. I knew right then and there that I had to do something about it."

Jones denies that he is a member of the "Lunatic Fringe", a shadowy group made up of poets, mathematicians and disgruntled Law students bent on destroying the ANU.

"What we have here is a magazine that advocates cruelty to animals, public nudity, promiscuity and drug use." Jones was horrified to learn that these are in fact some of the more popular segments of the magazine. "This has just made me more determined than ever before."

We applaud Mr. Jones in his personal crusade for decency, moderation and undistracted tutor groups.

Lonely? Depressed?

Then why not kill yourself with one of our do-it-yourself gallows kits? Guaranteed to kill you stone dead or your money back.

Kits of all shapes and sizes available. Special discount rates

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Shitfight on Daley Road!!!

Renaissance Man

Daley Road, the home of the majority of ANU's residential colleges and arguably the most important artery in the university's bustling road network, was racked with controversy yesterday when a student was heard to disparagingly exclaim; "Hell, it's another shitfight on Daley Rd!"

The student was not referring to the strident intercollegiate rivalry that constantly wracks Daley Road, nor the inter-departmental fracas between BOZO, Geology and Physics, but rather the traffic.

When questioned on his statement, Mike Jones, a second-year law student (name and course changed to protect identity), was happy to elaborate: "This happens every morning - between 8:55 and 9:05 on weekdays Daley Road is blocked to pedestrians by a constant stream of traffic."

When asked about his view on the anti-pedestrian blockade, Mike said that it did "get a little annoying." Things turned ugly

with Mike when the question of solutions to the problem occurred and Don Hardman's name came up; "No, don't tell Don I said that," Mike exclaimed excitedly, "he's a mean dude, man... I've had his fixers breakin' my bones before, and that was just for trying to buy a parking permit!"

At this point Mike shrieked and bolted across Daley Road like a headlight-dazed kangaroo. The car that hit him was only doing 37kph and Mike is resting comfortably in downtown Belconnen's Calvary hospital. The tragedy occurred at 9:02 am.

When informed of the controversy, Hardman is alleged to have replied "Damn students, always walking around the bloody Uni causing havoc in my Buildings and on my Grounds... next thing you know they'll be petitioning for a footbridge over Daley Road!" "Good idea Don! To sign the petition for a safer Daley Road, contact the Behind the Face office.

Don Hardman linked with Devil Worshipping Cult at ANU

Buildings and Grounds head honcho Don Hardman has been linked with an alleged Satanic Cult at the ANU. The cult apparently involves Forestry students dancing naked around the concrete balls outside the University Sports Centre. Don Hardman denies that the construction of the traffic control devices, or Satan's Testicles as they should be known, was in fact the first stage in his quest to control the ANU through an alliance with supernatural forces. Whilst the official line has been that the naked dancing is nothing but a university prank, the appearance of numerous shopping trolleys in Sullivan's creek raises another worrying idea. Are these shopping trolleys being used as a medium for transporting Satanic offerings from the world of the living to the realm of tortured souls? Once again, Hardman had an answer for us. He conceded that it was quite possible for some of the shopping

trolleys to have been at the CIT at some stage but that they were now being used to create an artificial reef for the myriad of water life in Sullivan's creek.

Adding another twist to this story is that Hardman denies that he is using a small potting shed near Ursula College to breed giant killer bees as part of his evil quest for world domination. Members of our investigative staff searched the shed and were amazed at their discoveries. They found a lawnmower, some seeds and numerous "gardening tools" which could well have been used as training devices for the giant bees.

As a parting shot I asked Hardman if he had sold his soul to the Devil. His reply: "That's something you should talk to Deane Terrell about."

As part of our follow-up investigations we called supernatural expert Rupert Heldon-Smythe to comment but he wasn't in.

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